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## DREAMS CHANGED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY AUGUST BELL.

How I used to dream and dream,  
I would climb to reach so many  
Heights of fame more sweet than any  
Heights of love could ever seem.  
I would be a little queen,  
With my flattery court about me,  
All to worship, none to doubt me,  
While I sat cold and serene.

I would travel, go to Rome,  
Live like Hilda in a turret  
With the king's hills before it,—  
To my window doves should come  
As they did in that sweet story,—  
There I would dwell high, apart,  
Free from every human heart,  
While I earned and waited glory.

I would hide in quaint old Prague,  
Or some small Norwegian town,—  
Live my foreign life alone,—  
Or in Holland by the Hague.  
All seemed freedom,—O, strength,  
O, sweet freedom of my youth,  
Ye were beautiful in truth,  
But there cometh change at length.

So I waited, mused and dreamed,  
Thought of love but to forego it,  
Though some day some king or poet  
Might come wooing as I deemed.  
That was like some far bright bubble  
Which might break,—when suddenly  
Came my lord, my king, to me,  
Threw my soul in sweetest trouble.

Where is Rome? I do not care,—  
Love, my world is where thou art,  
To my world then take my heart!  
Let cold fame fade off in air,  
And no window seemeth fair.  
Save one where I wait for thee.  
Am I free? nay, blest not free,  
Bonds of love, how sweet ye are!

## THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER. A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY EMERSON BENNETT,  
AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM  
OF THE FOREST," &c.

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the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

### CHAPTER III. PLANNING ESCAPE.

"Hist, lady!" said I, in a low, impressive  
tone; "we are your friends. Do not be alarmed,  
keep perfectly quiet, and we may save you!"  
Her breath came quick, and I could feel her  
heart beat during the brief period she leaned  
against my breast.

"Are you one of the travellers these villains  
are looking for?" she inquired, in a manner that  
showed her possessed of great presence of mind.  
"Yes, Miss Brandon," I answered, "and we  
have been near enough to your captors, since  
they took the gag from your mouth, to hear  
nearly all of their conversation. Thus, you see,  
among other things, I have already learned your  
name."

"And where are your friends?"  
"Right here—close at hand!"  
"I'm one on 'em, Miss, at your service!" said  
Caleb Stebbins, coming forward; "and, great  
ginger! if I ain't glad you've got away from them  
fellows, you can please me. I only wish you'd  
brung our horses with you; but that of course  
you couldn't do, and I'm only joking 'bout that.  
How'd you do it, any how?"

"The ruffians in charge of me were not  
holding me," replied the lady; "and, while they  
were busily engaged in conversation, I slipped  
off. But we are not safe here!" she hurriedly  
and anxiously added; "we must get further off!  
for they will soon beat up this thicket."

"This way," said I, taking hold of her hand  
and setting forward, I knew not whither, except  
that it was deeper into the wood and further off  
from the stable.

Meantime the loud calls of the two men at the  
stable had been heard and answered by the  
party who had gone to the hut, and we could  
now and then catch a glimmer of the light of  
the lantern through the trees, as they came run-  
ning back to begin the search for the lady who  
was escaping with us.

"Oh, gentlemen, if you can succeed in deliv-  
ering me from these ruffians and restoring me  
to my father, you shall all be handsomely re-  
warded!" said the lady, as we hurried back  
deeper into the wood.

"For myself, I want no reward beyond the  
satisfaction I shall feel in my heart in rescuing  
a dove from the talons of vultures!" returned I.  
"Nor I either," said Caleb Stebbins, "cept,  
if I lose my horse and things, I wouldn't much

mind having about that amount made up to  
me, 'cause I'd go putty hard with me, in the  
present state of my purse, to have to buy another  
critter and the rest."

"And how is it with you, Peter?" I inquired.  
"Well, I don't say nothin'," answered the  
Dutchman, "cause I not much don't speak En-  
glish already."

"These two persons," I explained to Miss  
Brandon, "are almost as much strangers to me  
as to yourself—we never having met till this  
evening; but I believe I can safely promise that,  
reward or no reward, they will do everything in  
their power to save you."

"Great ginger! yes, I guess so!" responded  
Caleb.

"Yaw, dat's it!" added the Dutchman.  
"Well, gentlemen, I assure you your kindness  
shall not be overlooked," rejoined Miss Brandon,  
"and your horses shall be replaced by as many  
as you may choose to name."

"In-e-e-w!" was the surprised and delighted  
half-whistle of the Yankee. "I snum to Guinea!  
I guess you're putty rich, Miss?"

"My father is, sir!"

"How much do you calculate he's worth  
now?"

"I have no idea of the amount, sir; but he  
owns a large cotton plantation near the Red  
river, worked by a great many field hands, and  
a large sugar plantation in one of the lower  
counties."

"Do tell! I snum! Jerusalem! Be you an  
only child now? or might there be others?"

"I have one brother older, and one brother  
and sister younger than myself."

"And how old be you, if it's a fair question?"  
pursued the inquisitive Yankee.

"Come, come, Mr. Stebbins, I think you are  
getting rather too personal!" I interposed.

"Because we are doing a common act of hu-  
manity, in trying to save the lady from the hands  
of robbers and murderers, we have no right to  
catch her as if she were on the witness-  
stand."

"Nay," rejoined the lady, "let him question  
to his heart's content, and then he will be better  
satisfied. If I am not mistaken, he is a native  
of one of the New England States!"

"Jest as sure's you live, Miss—Connecticut;  
but how'd you come to guess?"

"Because I spent three years at a female  
seminary in Massachusetts, and know something  
of the peculiar idioms of the people of that  
section."

"Sho! you don't say so! Wal, I like you all  
the better for that now; and I'll see you safe  
home agin, or die trying on't—I snum, I will!"

"Thank you kindly, sir! You asked about  
my age: I am just turned of nineteen."

"Aint married, I guess, be you?"

"I should hardly be called Miss Brandon if I  
were."

"That's a fact, I snum! I s'pect I'm kind of  
forgetting myself. Wal, I don't want to question  
you too much now; but I'd jest like to know  
how them scamps come to git hold of you, and  
carry you off from home, and what they was  
going to do with you?"

"What they intended to do with me, I know  
no more than yourself, sir!" replied Miss Bran-  
don. "I had been riding out alone—as has  
often been my custom during the past year—  
and was returning through a belt of wood, near  
sunset, about a quarter of a mile from my father's  
dwelling, when suddenly three men sprang into  
the path before me. One instantly seized my  
horse by the bit, and the other two dragged me  
from his back and proceeded to gag me, though  
not before I had uttered two or three loud  
screams, and had had the satisfaction of knowing  
they were heard by the overseer and some of  
the negroes in the adjoining field. Ere they  
could come to my rescue, however, one of the  
ruffians sprang upon my breast, secured me in  
front of him, and rode swiftly away, the other  
two men following him. A few hundred yards  
from where I was seized, the man in charge of  
me stopped, in a thicket, where there were six  
horses and three other men. As soon as the  
two on foot reached this place, they all mounted  
separate animals and dashed away together, two  
riding on each side of me and guiding my horse,  
and the four others leading and following, so  
that I had no means of getting away. It soon  
grew dark, and a heavy shower overtook us, but  
they did not halt. They forced one or two  
streams on their route, and about an hour before  
reaching this place they crossed a broad bayou,  
or pond, in a large, clumsy boat, that they poled  
over. This is pretty much all I know of the  
matter, except what I suppose you have over-  
heard of our conversation since our arrival  
here."

"Permit me to say, Miss Brandon, I now  
joined in, 'that I think you a remarkably  
courageous young lady—one out of a thousand,  
if not a million—to appear so cool and collected  
under such fearful circumstances!'"

"Perhaps I am not so cool and collected as  
you suppose," she replied; "but I feel that my  
liberty, if not my life, or something worse, is at  
stake, and I have nervously myself to speak and  
act as I have. There is certainly no use of  
dying more than once; and if kind Providence  
will give me one chance of escape, I will try not  
to miss it through timidity or hesitation."

"I hope that chance is now yours; and,  
though a stranger to you, I am resolved to stake  
my life on the issue."

"Oh, sir, believe me, I feel more gratitude

than words can express!" she rejoined, in a tone  
that betrayed considerable emotion.

All this time we were steadily pushing for-  
ward through the thicket, but speaking in low,  
guarded tones, and making as little noise as pos-  
sible. Occasionally we heard the ruffians calling  
to each other, cursing and swearing; but their  
voices seemed gradually growing more distant,  
as if we were gradually getting further and fur-  
ther from them. I had no fear of their finding  
us during the night; but unless we should be  
far away from them by daylight, the case might  
be different. I mentioned this fact to Miss  
Brandon, and inquired if she had any idea of  
our present locality, and if she thought she  
could readily find her way back to her father's  
plantation.

"I regret to say I do not believe I could," she  
answered. "I was never here before; and my  
ride having mostly been made in the night, I do  
not even know in what direction to look for my  
home."

"You mentioned crossing a broad bayou, or  
pond, in a boat?"

"Yes; but there are so many such in this re-  
gion that I can form no conjecture from that fact  
whether our route was either east, west, or south  
from our starting point. I am only certain that  
we are on the southern side of Red river."

"This is a perplexing predicament," said I,  
"and I am really at a loss what to advise or do.  
If we were to get upon the route over which  
we came, and hurry on in the proper direction,  
we should soon be stopped by the pond."

"But I say you, Doctor Walbridge," now  
quickly put in the Yankee, "if there's a boat  
on't, on this side, that are'd be all in our favor,  
wouldn't it? Hey, Peter! what'd you say?"

"Yaw, I dinks so already!" replied the  
Dutchman.

"True," returned I, catching at the idea as  
the first ray of hope I had seen, "the boat and  
pond would be in our favor indeed, for by that  
means we might cut off pursuit from these ruf-  
fians long enough to make our escape a safe  
success. But how to find the pond in the dark—  
that is the point!"

We halted where we were, and discussed the  
matter for half an hour, each one suggesting  
whatever struck him or her at the moment as  
the most feasible for the accomplishment of our  
purpose. At last it was decided that we should  
return to the stable—or at least as near it as  
our safety would permit—and endeavor to get  
into the road, or path, by which the ruffians had  
come hither—believing, if we could once find  
that, and get started in the right direction, we  
could easily keep it to the water and the boat.

"By-the-by, Miss Brandon," said I, "another  
thought has just struck me: had this boat a fer-  
ryman in attendance when you reached it? or  
did the kidnappers themselves row it over?"

"Two or three of them dismounted and poled  
or rowed it over," she replied; "but I am not  
so certain there was not a man there in waiting  
for them. It seems, now I think of it, as if there  
might have been another among them while  
they were crossing; but it was very dark—the  
lantern, which had been lighted and carried by  
the foremost, was at no time very near me  
during the passage across the water—and being  
a good deal excited, under the circumstances, I  
did not notice whether the number of the ruf-  
fians was increased or not."

"If there was no one in charge of the boat,  
it will probably be where they left it," said I,  
"otherwise it may be on the other side. It also  
struck me that if one or more of their party  
should be in possession, we might have some  
trouble with him or them; but time enough to  
think of that when we get there perhaps! The  
first thing is to find the road leading thither, and  
then we must set about at once."

Accordingly we began to cautiously pick our  
way back to the stable; and so slowly, stealthily  
and uncertainly did we work to this purpose,  
that it was a full half hour before we reached  
the opening near which it stood. On our way  
thither, we heard nothing of the villains; and as  
we now paused to listen, all around us remained  
as silent as if no such dark beings were abroad  
on a dark mission. Had they given up the  
search and gone to rest? or were they out seek-  
ing us in the dark wood?

In a cautious whisper I warned my compa-  
nions to tread more stealthily than ever, and not  
to make a sound above a breath; and in this  
manner we moved out from the thicket, in single  
file, and advanced to the spot where I had first  
seen the ruffians halted. The night was still,  
and so dark that we could only see each other  
in the opening as so many shadows. How were  
we to find the path through the forest even now?

"As well as you can remember," I whispered  
to Miss Brandon, "lead on in the direction from  
which you first came hither!"

"I will do my best," she replied.

In less than a quarter of an hour more, we  
found what we believed to be the path by which  
the kidnappers had approached the hut. I got  
down on my knees and felt the ground carefully.

"We are right," I whispered, "for here are  
the prints of horses' hoofs coming from a direc-  
tion opposite to ours."

With this we all took hold of each other, and  
began to move forward on the trace, or trail, in  
a slow and noiseless manner.

In a few minutes we found ourselves passing  
through a thicket on a travelled path, and were  
satisfied we had discovered the right way to  
escape.

And all this time we had heard nothing more  
of the ruffians.

After getting back in this way some half a mile  
from the stable, and still feeling satisfied that  
we were right, we all began to breathe more  
freely and become more sanguine of success.

"Concern it all, if we only had our horses  
now!" said Caleb Stebbins.

"And may we not have?" said I, as a new  
idea occurred to me.

"Why, how'll we git 'em?"

"By a bold ruse, if you have the courage to  
venture it, Mr. Stebbins!"

"I'd venture sothing, I snum, rather than lose  
that are critter of mine, and then saddle-bags  
and things, for all Miss Brandon here says she'll  
see it made up to me!"

"Oh, gentlemen, I beg of you think not of  
your property, as property, if you can aid me to  
escape without it!" said the lady. "If it is the  
value of your horses, rather than their present  
use, you are considering, let all go as nothing,  
and I promise you you shall be repaid ten-fold!"

"With me," I answered, "it is not so much  
the value of the beast as the means of escape.  
If we had our horses at the ferry, and could  
once get over the water you mention, we should  
have little to fear from these ruffians; but, on  
foot, the journey for you would at the best be  
slow and tedious and we might be overtaken."

"There is truth in what you say, sir!" replied  
the lady. "But how, may I ask, can you get  
your horses from the possession of these vil-  
lains?"

"I do not know that it can be done, Miss  
Brandon; but my idea was this: We have all  
escaped from these fellows—and they may, or  
may not, at this moment be searching for us—  
at all events we know they would be glad to  
find us—and it struck me that if I were to re-  
turn to the thicket we left, and begin a loud  
conversation, as if with my companions, they  
might all be drawn off in pursuit of me, and  
leave the stable unguarded, during which time  
Mr. Stebbins and his friend here could manage  
to remove the horses and set off for the ferry,  
where it would be my hope to join you."

"Certainly a bold and dangerous proceed-  
ing!" said Miss Brandon.

"Tinkish as all git-out, I tell you!" chimed in  
the Yankee.

"Do you all think the plan too hazardous?"  
I asked.

"Is it reasonable to suppose that all the ruf-  
fians would at once be drawn off in pursuit of  
you?" inquired the lady.

"I should endeavor, by changing my voice,"  
I replied, "to make them believe us all to be in  
the thicket together; and it seems probable to  
me, that, if they were to so believe, they would  
all attempt our capture together, fearing a part  
might fail."

"And you really think there is a possibility  
of your plan succeeding?"

"I do."

"Well, I am but a woman, and it is perhaps  
not proper for me to have a voice in the matter."  
"As one whose life is equally concerned, I  
think differently!" said I. "Speak out frankly,  
Miss Brandon, and rest assured your counsel  
shall have due consideration!"

"Yes, Miss, I'll agree to all that!" coincided  
Caleb.

"Frankly then," said Miss Brandon, "I think  
the scheme one of peril, but having the promise  
of success. Under the peculiar circumstances,  
if I were a man, I should try the venture."

"There, Stebbins, what do you say to that?"

"Wal, I don't know, I snum! It's mighty  
ticklish, I tell you—that's a fact! If them fellers  
should all put out after you, and stay away long  
enough, Peter and I could git out the horses;  
but if they shouldn't all leave, you know, or if  
they'd happen to come back afore we'd got off,  
it wouldn't be no nice, I calculate!"

"You are very cautious, sir!" said Miss Bran-  
don, in a way that would not have flattered me  
in the least.

"Yes, it runs in the blood Stebbins family!"  
replied Caleb.

"Then I suppose you are not descended from  
a very long line of heroes?"

"You mean fighting men? soldiers and them?"

"Courageous men, of course!"

"Wal, I don't know how many, 'cause I can't  
trace 'em back very far; but my gran'ther be fit  
in the Revolution, and I guess was about as  
brave as anybody; and there's no one since  
him, not even me, that 'ud back down from the  
right thing when it comes to the pinch!"

"Then I suppose you can count on you to as-  
sist in carrying out the plan just proposed?"

Further conversation, by which we arranged our  
present action and future meeting as well as  
could be done under the circumstances, I with-  
drew from the party, to begin the execution of  
my perilous plan.

### CHAPTER IV. THE RUFFIANS SUCCEED.

I was successful in deceiving the ruffians. It  
took me some half an hour to find the exact spot  
to suit my fancy; and then I opened a conver-  
sation with my imaginary friends, changing my  
voice in replying to myself. My very words  
were calculated to deceive the villains, and lead  
them to suppose we had unconsciously run into  
a trap. I began by congratulating my compa-  
nions on our escape from the stable, and de-  
clared myself highly gratified at the fact of the  
young lady having fallen in with us.

"Great ginger! didn't we have a run for't?"  
said imaginary traveller number one, in a voice  
so like Caleb Stebbins' that the Yankee himself  
would have been surprised, if not startled, had  
he been within hearing.

"I dinks it was more as dree mile already!"  
said imaginary traveller number two, in the very  
tone and accent of the Dutchman.

"Yes," rejoined I, in my own natural voice,  
"we have all been successful in making our es-  
cape so far, and now we can safely remain here  
till morning and take daylight for the rest of  
our flight. Miss Brandon here must be a good  
deal fatigued in pushing through the thickets so  
rapidly on foot, and must refresh herself with  
rest before we set off again."

Now as all this was said within a store's throw  
of the stable, and in rather loud, careless, con-  
fident tones, I felt very certain, if the ruffians  
were there, they would immediately set out to  
surround the supposed party, doubtless chuck-  
ling to themselves at the idea of our having re-  
turned to our starting point, and consequently  
into their power, while believing ourselves put-  
ting miles between them and us.

As it was no part of my design to be cap-  
tured myself, but only to draw the ruffians off  
on a long, midnight chase, and thus give my  
companions time to get possession of our horses  
and effect their escape, I now of course listened  
intently to detect the slightest sound of dan-  
ger. I was not long kept in suspense; my voice  
had been heard exactly as I intended; and soon  
there was a gentle rustling of the bushes, and  
one or two slight snapping sounds, as of some-  
thing breaking under cautious feet.

"Hollo!" I now suddenly shouted, as if sur-  
prised and alarmed; "here is new trouble!—  
some of the rascals have followed us, and  
are now close upon us!—we must be off again!  
Run, boys—run! Here, Miss Brandon, give me  
your hand, and now let us fly together!"

With the last word I began to thrash through  
the bushes, making as much noise as I could,  
and at the same time running as fast as my  
limbs would carry me in the same direction I  
had taken before.

And I had good reason for running now, for  
the devils were really at my heels. With loud  
shouts, the ruffians now threw off all attempts  
at concealment and came bounding after me. It  
was a race for life on my part—for I knew, if  
taken, my earthly adventures would come to a  
sudden termination—and I did my best to keep  
myself from their angry clutches. I drew one  
of my pistols and held it in my hand, deter-  
mined to lodge its contents in the breast or  
head of the first man who should lay hold of  
me. Fortunately I was not required to use it—  
though so close was one of my pursuers at  
one time that I could hear him pant just be-  
hind me.

On the whole I made a narrow escape. I ran  
for half an hour, drawing off all the villains in  
pursuit; and then, it being dark and in a thick  
wood, I easily eluded the whole of them, and  
returned almost upon my very tracks to the  
stable. I approached it with great caution, and  
finding nobody there, ventured in, and dis-  
covered that my horse and those belonging to  
my companions were gone. This satisfied me  
that Caleb and Peter had been successful in get-  
ting possession of the animals; and I lost no  
time in setting off for the ferry, where we were  
to meet in the event of everything succeeding  
as I had planned.

On once more finding the travelled path by  
which the kidnappers had reached the place, I  
examined the ground with my hands, and to my  
great joy discovered prints of shoe horses going  
from the stable. This was proof enough that  
my plan had been successfully carried out in all  
its parts, and I set off on the new trail as fast as  
the darkness would permit.

But I did not yet feel at ease. The first dan-  
ger was past, but there was no calculating how  
long myself and friends might be free from  
new perils. The kidnappers might return to  
the stable at any minute, discover the loss of  
our horses and the way they had gone, and set  
off on a fierce pursuit. For myself individually  
I had little fear, except so far as I felt in honor  
bound to jeopardise my life to save the young  
lady from their clutches and see her safely re-  
stored to her family; and as it was by no means  
certain they might not overtake her at the ferry,  
I was fully determined, in case of being present  
at such a juncture, to make her cause my own  
and fight to the death if necessary.

And here I may be pardoned if I take credit  
to myself and say this was done purely in a



spirit of gallantry, such as often led the knights of the good old days of chivalry to espouse the cause and do battle in defence of an unprotected woman. This girl was a stranger to me; I had not yet so much as even seen her face in a light strong enough to distinguish it from a thousand others of her sex; all I knew of her was from what I had overheard of the conversation between herself and her captors, and the statement she had subsequently made to myself and companions; but I felt she was one in need of a strong arm, and, so far as my humble power could go, I was resolved she should have it.

It is not easy to make rapid progress upon a strange path, through a thick wood, in a dark night, and though I did the best I could, it was at least an hour and a half from the time of setting out on the trail of my companions before I reached the water, where it had been my hope to find them and the boat in waiting. They were there, on the low, swampy beach of a wide bayon, that I could not see across in the darkness. I shouted to them as I ran up, and was received with warm words of congratulation and welcome. Each was mounted on a separate beast, and Peter held the bridle of my own.

"Thank God, my dear friend, that you have escaped and joined us! I was so fearful you had fallen into the hands of the ruffians!" said Miss Brandon, in a tone that betrayed considerable emotion.

"But the boat?" I exclaimed, feeling the peril of a moment's delay. "The boat? where is it?"

"Great ginger! there's the trouble!" replied Caleb, in a tone of anxiety and alarm. "Somebody—one of them tarnal thieves, I expect—has took it over to the other side."

"How do you know?"

"Cause I aint here, and I've hollered over and got an answer."

"What answer did you get?"

"Somebody asked who we was and what we wanted."

"Well?"

"I told him we wanted the boat in tarnal quick time."

"And what did he say to that?"

"Not a darn thing; and I aint ben able to git nothing out of him sence, consarn him! At last I got mad and tired, and conclude I'd wait till you come, and see if you could make out any better. I begun to think, though, you wa'n't a-going to come, and I got sca't, I tell you! I'm dreadful glad to see you safe here now—I aint to Guinea, I aint—that's a fact!"

"This delay is full of peril!" said I, hurriedly; "and we must get away from here soon, either across this water or in some other direction!"

I then briefly narrated all that had occurred to me, and my fears that the villains might return to the stable, find the horses gone, suspect the ruse, trace out the direction of flight, and set off in pursuit.

"Oh, it is terrible, to think of falling into their hands again!" said Miss Brandon, with a shudder.

"And you shall not, if in my power to save you," I returned.

"Brave sir, I hope I may live to reward you and your companions for this noble devotion to the welfare of a helpless girl!" she warmly rejoined.

"To see you safe among your friends will be reward enough for me," I replied.

"And if I git off safe with my boss, I shan't ax nothing further, I guess!" chimed in the Yankee "though," he immediately added, "I've lost some things by them as thieves, that's a fact; but that wa'n't your fault, Miss, you know, and I wouldn't hardly be right to expect you to pay for 'em, I calculate, without you tak the notion to do it yourself now."

"How long have you been here?" I inquired.

"More'n an hour, I guess. You see, just arter you drawed off all them as fellers a hollering arter you, we went up to the stable plaggy careful, and not finding nobody there, we fetched out the horses putty quick, you know; and just as soon as we could git bridles and saddles on 'em, we put out like blazes, and come here as quick as we could, and have ben here ever sence."

"And how long since you called to the ferry man and got an answer?"

"Wal, I hollered over jest as soon as I found there wa'n't no boat here, and he yelled back in less'n ten minutes, I should say."

"And only replied once?"

"That's all, consarn him!"

"And what, from the sound of his voice, do you judge the distance to be across the water here?"

"I wouldn't be astonished if it's half a mile now! What do you think, Peter?"

"I think yes," replied the Dutchman.

"If this ferryman belongs to this gang of villains, as I suspect," said I, "he would hardly come over for a stranger vessel, and especially one he would be so certain of as yours. I will try what I can do. You all recollect the voice of the man called Blake? Now, take notice, and tell me how near I come to imitating it?"

"That's it, I s'pose!" he, Peter?"

"Yes, more like him as himself already!"

"Perfect!" exclaimed Miss Brandon.

"I think this man Blake is the leader of this party," I said, in explanation; "and if so, and I can deceive the man on the other side of the water, I may be able to get him over."

I now made the trial in sailor fashion—shouting, in the voice of Blake:

"Boat ahoy!"

I repeated the call three times before I got an answer, and then it came in the shape of the query:

"Who 'ar'?"

"Don't you know Blake, stupid? Come, hurry over! I've no time to waste here!"

I said this at adventure, not knowing of course that the man even knew the name of the leader of the kidnappers. I was rejoiced the next minute, however, to find that I had made a happy hit.

"Ay! ay!" was the cheering answer, followed by a splashing of the water, which we could hear very distinctly, the night being still.

In a few minutes we fancied we could see a dark object on the water, in the faint line of light between the two shores. I now became very impatient, for at the same time I fancied I heard the distant sound of horses' feet. Nothing more likely than that the villains had got back to the stable, discovered the trick played upon them, and set off in pursuit. If so, our lives might depend upon the slow moving boat reaching the beach before them.

"Come! come! hurry over!" I shouted.

"Yes, Marser, I'm over my boat, I is!" was the reply, in a voice there was no mistaking for other than that of a negro.

Never had motion seemed so slow to me as that of that small-moving craft. For what to my impatient was a long time, it appeared to be at perfect rest on the water. I was fearful it was aground. I bent down, put my ear to the earth, and became thoroughly convinced that the ruffians were in pursuit. I stated the fact to my companions, and told them to be prepared for the worst.

"Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed Caleb, in alarm; "can't we streak it off somewhere else, and git out of the way, if that are nigger don't git here in time with his derned old mud scow?"

"Where can we go?" said I. "For all I know, we may be on an island; and it may be necessary to cross this water, or some other, to get among honest settlers. Whatever we do, we should certainly be prepared to defend ourselves in case the worst comes to the worst!"

"Consarn the nigger!" whined the valiant Mr. Stebbins. "I only wish I had a rope around his tarnal neck, I guess I'd fetch him over about the quickest!"

"Have you plenty of weapons, gentlemen?" asked Miss Brandon.

"A brace of pistols apiece," I answered.

"If you will trust me with one, I will show you, at the proper time, that I know how to use it!" she firmly rejoined.

"Indeed then," said I, "you shall have one of mine, for your own protection!" and I put it in her hand.

"You may think it rather strange," she explained; "but I am not altogether like young ladies in general, and have practiced a little of almost every manly sport, in my own quiet way. If I had had any suspicion of being assailed, I should have gone out armed, for I have weapons of my own at home, and then the ruffians might not have had quite so pleasant a time in carrying me off!"

"They must have had some strong motive for kidnapping you," said I, "and unquestionably it was a part of some dark, wicked plot!"

"It is all a mystery to me!" she replied.

"Perhaps it was done to revenge them on your father, toward whom, if I may judge from the few remarks I overheard, they bear no good will!"

"It may have been," she rejoined, "for my father is at the head of a band of Regulators, composed of our best citizens, and organized for mutual protection against all gangs and combinations of gamblers, horse-thieves, negro-slavers, and outlaws generally, with which this Southern country has been cursed for years. Several of the bold villains have been caught and punished at different times—some by hanging, some by whipping, and some by branding and being ordered out of the State, never to return except on pain of death."

"Was the man called Joe Horner one of these?"

"He was publicly whipped last spring for conniving at the escape of some negroes from a plantation on which he was employed as an overseer. He might have fared worse; but the evidence against him was rather circumstantial than positive, and his employer, Mr. La Grange, did not wish him too harshly dealt with."

"La Grange?" exclaimed I; "that is the name of a planter I intended to visit—perhaps it is the same! Has he a son named Ernest, who recently graduated at a medical college in Philadelphia?"

"He has!" replied Miss Brandon, in a tone of surprise; "do you know him?"

"Yes, he was my class-mate and friend; and when we parted last, I received a very pressing invitation from him to come and make him a long visit. Business having led me into this region, I had thought of putting his hospitality to the test."

"Oh, sir, I am delighted to know you are the friend of Ernest La Grange, who is also a friend of mine!" said Miss Brandon, in a quick, animated tone. "Our estates join, and our families are very intimate. He," she added, as a new idea seemed to strike her suddenly; "I have heard you called Doctor Walbridge, by your Yankee friend here, and I have more than once heard Ernest speak of a friend of his by the name of Leslie Walbridge?"

"That is my name, Miss Brandon!"

"Then, Heaven be praised! you are no longer a stranger to one to whom you have already proved yourself so true and noble a friend!" she exclaimed, extending her hand, which in turn I warmly seized and pressed.

"And now I think of it," said I, "I am sure I have heard Ernest La Grange speak of a certain Miss Alice Brandon!"

"Have you, indeed?" she answered, turning her face aside, as if she were blushing, though it was too dark for me to see. "I hope he said nothing very bad of her!"

"May I trust it will not displease you to be assured she was little less than an angel in his estimation?"

"Will that boat never reach here!" she said quickly, looking off on the water.

That was indeed the all-important point now; and could I have hastened its progress by any act of mine, I should not have stood idly there, conversing on matters so foreign to the great interest at stake.

"It aint never, I expect, but that are nigger's derned slow!" said Caleb. "There! hark! aint them horses I hear?"

A light breeze certainly brought very distinctly to our ears a low, rumbling, pattering sound, and I did not doubt for a moment that the villains were in hot pursuit. Would they reach the beach before the boat? that was the main peril! I looked eagerly off on the water, and fancied the boat was much nearer. Ten minutes I thought would decide the question one way or the other.

All conversation now ceased, and we stood in almost breathless silence, listening to the creaking and splashing on the water, and the low, dull, pattering sound that came to us over the route we had travelled, occasionally swelling out quite distinctly and then dying away so as only faintly to be heard.

Five minutes thus passed, and the clattering of horses' hoofs was quite distinct; but the boat was clearly visible and drawing near the shore.

"Come! hurry, boy! hurry!" I said, in the voice of Blake.

"Yes, Marser, old nigger Sam's a doing his best, he an!"

We all moved down to the point where the boat would touch the shore, so as to be ready to hasten aboard. I did not mount my horse, for I intended to leap upon the craft the first one and secure the negro.

But was he alone? This was an important thing to know, and I asked the question.

"Yes, Marser Blake," he replied, puffing and panting, "and dar's der dextrality de chile has in fetching over de boat more faster!"

At last the large, flat-bottomed scow touched the shore, and that moment I was on board, giving directions for the others to follow, which were hurriedly obeyed. There was no time to spare, for the clattering of horses' feet was now loud and heavy, and probably not more than an eighth of a mile divided us from our pursuers.

"Now push off, Sam!" I exclaimed, in the voice of Blake; "push off as quick as you can!"

The negro now discovered there was something wrong. He heard the approaching horses and suspected some trick. Instead of using his pole as I directed, he came close up to me and looked full in my face. I drew my pistol and thrust the muzzle against his cheek.

"Push off the boat, Sam, this moment," I said, in a low, determined tone, "or I will blow your brains out!"

"Yes, Marser, I does it!" he answered, shrinking back and using his pole with much dexterity, that instantly the end of the scow, which had touched the shore, swung around and put us fairly afloat.

I stumbled upon another pole and immediately began to use it; and at the same time both Caleb and Peter dismounted and hurried to my assistance.

We had scarcely got twenty feet from the shore, when two of the foremost ruffians came dashing up to the water's edge, and we could hear the others clattering close behind.

"Ho, Sam, what—fool work is this?" I shouted the voice of the genuine Blake. "Put back with that boat here, this minute, or I'll have your black heart out of you!"

"Do please you, good Mr. Blake, he will do nothing of the kind," I replied, "for I am master here now!"

"And who the devil are you?" shouted Blake.

"One of the gentlemen who had the felicity to outwit you to-night!"

The others now came dashing up, one after the other; and pretty soon there was some fearful cursing and swearing, as the villains found they were foiled. Then came a rapid discharge of pistols, and bullets flew in among us too close for safety. One of them struck the Yankee's horse and both wounded and frightened him.

He began to rear and pitch; and before his owner could seize his bridle, over he went, careening the boat and giving it a momentum that sent it further from the shore.

"Darn it all to damnation!" cried Caleb Stebbins, now furious with rage at the loss of his horse; "take that are, and that are, you gallus scamp, you!" and, as he spoke, he discharged his pistol at the ruffians, and with much good effect that a yell and a groan followed.

"Give it to them, Peter!" I exclaimed, at the same time discharging my own weapon.

Three more shots succeeded to mine, and subsequently Miss Brandon handed me back an empty pistol.

The ruffians now seemed to find their position anything but agreeable, and, uttering bitter curses, galloped away.

"Great ginger! only think of my having to lose that are critter arter all! and my saddle, bridle, saddle-bags, and all my things tew!" groaned Caleb Stebbins, wringing his hands.

"Never mind, my friend! I will see you doubly repaid if we escape!" returned Miss Brandon.

The Yankee's horse was apparently more scared than hurt; for we could see that he managed to swim ashore; and had it not been for the danger of the venture, we might have turned the boat back and caught him. We felt the risk was too great for the reward, however, and continued to work our boat away from the shore.

When we had got far enough out to feel safe against pistol shots, I called the parties together for consultation.

"My friends," I said, "assisted by a kind Providence, we have done wonders to-night in escaping from this band of cut-throats! and I am strong in the hope that we shall now keep clear of them, though I am by no means certain. What we may find on the other side of this bayou, is beyond our present knowledge; but it is in my opinion we had better remain on the water till daylight, believing we shall be safer here than in groping our way in the dark over an unknown country. As to these fellows we have left behind, there is no knowing what they may attempt or be capable of accomplishing. Perhaps they will swim their horses over, perhaps there is another ferry-boat, or perhaps there is a round-about way of reaching the other side. On these points I must question the negro."

I called the black to me and began to reload my pistol.

"Sam," said I, in that calm, quiet, determined tone which rarely fails to impress the party interested with the idea of a fixed resolution, "Sam, do you know what I have in my hand?"

"Jee—Jee—set of specs it is—am—am—a pistol, Marser!" replied the black, in a hesitating, tremulous voice.

"You are right, Sam—it is a pistol. Now do you know what I am doing to it?"

"Jee—Jee—am—loading it!"

"Right, Sam—I am loading it, with powder and ball; and if you don't trust my answer me every question I ask you, to the best of your knowledge and belief, I intend to blow your brains out! Do you understand me, boy?"

"Yes-yes, Marser!" answered Sam, trembling with fear.

"To begin then—are you a free negro or a slave?"

"I's a slave, Marser."

"Who is your master? and where does he live?"

"Jee doesn't know, Marser."

"Don't know?"

"No, Marser."

"Does nobody claim you?"

"Yes, Marser—most everybody."

"Do you have charge of this boat?"

"Yes, Marser."

"How long have you been employed here as a ferryman?"

"Jee doesn't know dat, Marser—a hundred year, I spects."

I saw at once the poor fellow knew nothing about time, and I was about proceeding with the next question, when the Yankee suddenly exclaimed, in great indignation:

"See here, you black nigger, now none of these are lies of yours! 'Cause we aint no green-horn to put up with any such derned nonsense! Why, I'll jest bet a cow, you aint fifty years old yourself—now, come—and so how could you a ben a ferrying here a hundred years, hey? Git out!"

I heard Miss Brandon laugh, and I explained to Mr. Stebbins that Sam probably answered thus through ignorance, and with no design of deceiving us. Caleb grumbled out that he "hadn't no opinion of sich ignoramuses."

\*A male negro in the South is always termed a "boy" without regard to age.

"Is there any way of getting across this water except in this boat, Sam?" was my next query.

"Dar's two small boats, Marser!"

"Where are they?"

"One dar, and t'other dar," he replied, pointing to each side of the bayou.

This was not agreeable information, for the ruffians might cross over ahead of us.

I next inquired who they were and what was their business; but the negro declared that he knew nothing about them, except that they and many others often crossed in his boat, sometimes with horses and sometimes with negroes.

I put a great many questions, with my utmost ingenuity, but failed to elicit anything satisfactory. The black was either really ignorant of all I wished to know, or else was too shrewd to let me get the facts from him. I suspected the latter.

The night was now pretty well advanced, and we remained on the water till daylight—waiting, watching, hoping, dreading, fearing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 12, 1867.

### THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER; A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

We commenced this new story by Mr. Bennett in *The Post* of January 4th—the first number of the year.

To those who have read "The Phantom of the Forest" and "The White Slave, a Tale of Mexico," we need scarcely say that a story full of interest and adventure may be expected.

Those wishing to obtain the whole of this story, had better send in their subscriptions at as early a date as possible. The early numbers of the stories published this year were exhausted before the demand was satisfied, although we printed an extra edition. And we have been unable for the last month to furnish a regular series of back numbers of *The Post*—owing to the entire edition of certain weeks being exhausted.

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## South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY COSMO.

A GRAND LOOK-OUT—SORATO'S STRECKINGS—  
POPULAR ERRORS—A HIGH HOT BED—THE  
SUMMIT—CRATER—INTERNAL COMMOTION—  
CATON'S IDEA.

I believe the view from the summit of Mount Sorato to be the finest in the world. Of course there must be many magnificent look-outs from high places—many, of which I know nothing. Some of the celebrated ones, however, I have seen, and seen from, as the Rigi, Cenis, Mount Washington, the Catskills, Rock of Gibraltar, Mount Mitchell, Peak of Teneriffe, the Organ Mountains, Corcovado, and some others. From some of these the view is grand, from others sublime, some vast, some beautiful; but only from the towering crater-crowned crest of South American Sorato one sees all these blended in one mighty, magnificent whole.

It had cost us much of climbing, scrambling, shivering, and weary uphill work to gain the elevated look-out, but the views were worth it all ten times over. On either hand, north and south, more than seventy distinct peaks of the great Andean Chain, shot heavenward, their snowy spires, twelve of them hollow cones, filled with subterranean fire, volcanoes—some slumbering, while others roaring and flaming, sent up huge wreaths of vapor and yellowish black sulphurous smoke; their snow-clad sides, in many instances changed into icy glaciers, gleaming and flashing in the sunlight, as if Old Andes had set her hundred coronets with diamonds, sapphires and emeralds. Lower, the brilliant faded gradually into fertile fields, and softened into lovely landscapes, all darkening into obscurity far down in the deep valleys dividing the lofty peaks.

Southward, twenty leagues distant, towered the "Heart of the Andes"—brave, beautiful, and oddly unique Old Illimani—north-west, stretched far away the most elevated American plateau, and on its extreme north-eastern border, so distant that our powerful glasses presented it only as a small patch of whitish gray with blurred edges, lay the famous city of the ancient Incas—Cuzco, still sacred in Peruvian tradition. Westward, and seeming almost under foot, lay like a silver sheet, the eccentric, enigmatical lake of Titicaca, its placid bosom thickly gemmed with emerald islets; and beyond, looking down over fantastic sierras and serpentine valleys, all subsiding gracefully into the great undulating western slope, over which the eye wanders in unwearying admiration until in the farther distance it falls upon the pale face of the mighty Pacific that bounds the western view, where it blends with the hazy atmosphere into an uncertain horizon.

North-eastward, a fair, lovely plain kisses the very foot of the mountain monarch, and picturesque in its broad, rolling savannahs, belts of dark forests, and thousands of threads of liquid silver, all tributary to other tributaries of the immense Amazon, one of the largest, the beautiful Beni skirting along at the very feet of Sorato and Illimani, has its source near La Paz, a hundred and fifty miles to the southward.

East, and south-eastward, beginning at the very base of the range, lies unrolled an Eden, broader than telescopic range of vision, and more variously beautiful than language has words to portray—green, and gold, and fretted with liquid silver lace-work in the foreground, growing gradually into neutral tints, and finally fading into a soft purple horizon. The great Bolivian plain, east of the Andes, has no rival landscape in South America, if it has in the world, for brilliant and blended beauties. Such a look-out as Sorato offers, Church or Berstadt ought to avail themselves of and reproduce it on canvas for the benefit of millions of admirers of the majestic and beautiful in nature.

It was chilly, cold, and disagreeable enough, climbing the steep ascent, and there were toes half frozen, numb fingers, blue noses, and much rubbing of ears—more growling and whimpering, with an occasional curse from the more impatient—and if my memory is not at fault, the license was general—and so we fretted and flapped our arms, and stamped, and cut queer antics until we had climbed above the snow-line, when the mercury began to rise rapidly, and our temper to subside in the same ratio. Not that there was a mite of merit in the weather itself for growing moderate so fast. Given its own way, it would have sent the mercury down lower and lower as we went higher up, until it would at length have frozen it solid in the bulbs. But there was an over-ruling power always counteracting this elevated Arctic tendency. As we went higher the mural walls of the great volcanic oven grew thinner, so that being thoroughly warmed through, the surface was not only comfortably warm, but so much coloric was thrown out that the atmospheric temperature had nothing in it of the biting keenness it contained down at the snow-line.

Geographers have told us that the snow-line signifies an altitude above which a peak or mountain is clad in eternal frost and snow. If they had said that altitude at which continual frost begins, the statement would have been correct. Where a peak or mountain is not volcanic, perpetual winter begins at an altitude from three to sixteen thousand feet above the sea level according to latitudinal position, the cold becoming more intense until the summit is reached. In volcanic mountains the temperature of the higher altitudes depends very greatly upon the internal structure. Some volcanic mountains have for a crater a simple central shaft of small diameter, straight, perpendicular, and walled a hundred feet it may be in thickness, with solid, vitrified material, through which no calorific can penetrate; and in these cases of course the outer temperature is in no wise affected by the internal fire, and such mountains, although volcanic, may be perpetually snow-clad to the very summit. Others are literally honey-combed within, having many floors, standing widely separated at the base, converging, and finally uniting in a common vent. These have bare heads and a temperate climate above the winter belt, as Guagua Paila, Peru, Cotopaxi, in Ecuador, Guadalupe, Erebus in Victoria Land, Sorato, and several other volcanic South American mountains. We found on Sorato, after having left beneath the belt of snow, green herbage and deciduous shrubs and several varieties of plants, all in foliage and many in bloom, bearing fruits and seeds—not quite normally I think, but rather as exotics, pushed forward in a hot-house. It was early observed by our Swedish botanist, and soon apparent enough to the most uneducated among us, that all

the plants, shrubs, and flowers found growing in this upper region, by artificial heat, were strangers—unlike anything in the books, or that we had ever seen elsewhere. Herr Adolph was in ecstasies, and in his botanic enthusiasm would have overloaded us all with botanic specimens before we were nearly done climbing, only our positive protests put him off until we should begin our descent.

Geographers tell us also—some of them at least, that an altitude of about sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea is the highest point reached by man. Perhaps they had forgotten, or had never learned, that four at least of South American mountains carry up their temperate climate to from two to four hundred feet above that altitude. And then several of the Andean peaks have heads warmer than their feet. Sorato is one of this class, though not at the present time an active volcano, i.e., it is not in a state of eruption.

Now, as in these instances the winter line is considerably above 10,000 feet, what is to prevent men, and women too, provided they are good climbers, from going up as far, and two or three thousand feet higher—all the way to the summit, if accessible, and the weather moderate as one goes up, as it certainly does about the head of Mount Sorato?

In the Sierra del Potosi, the great basin of Titicaca, and on the plateau of Cuzco there are cities and towns—people live, corn and potatoes grow, vegetables are produced, flowers bloom, birds sing and insects chirrup, at an elevation of more than thirteen thousand feet above the sea level. It is certain that men and women can reach a point several thousand feet above the geographers' arbitrary altitude, as the majority of our Bohemian party still living and several within call can attest. Besides, we encountered pretty near the summit of Sorato other travellers as high-minded as ourselves—two men and a fair, young and very lovely girl. But that is an episode that we will defer until our next meeting.

Of the summit of Sorato there is little that would be particularly interesting to be written beyond that it affords, as I have already observed, perhaps the finest look-out in the world. There is an uneven, rugged, undulating surface dished into an oblong basin, half a mile in width and about a mile and a quarter long, the surface thickly covered with ragged masses of reddish brown lava, vitrified rocks, and laid half knee deep with volcanic ashes, bitter, pungent, a trifle or so uncomfortably warm, and the surface coated with a yellow sulphur cover.

Near the northeastern end of the oval basin is the crater. We did not venture near enough to get its exact dimensions by actual measurement, though left unrestrained, I think Edith, O'Hara and two or three more of our heedless headlongs would have gone on until they tumbled in, as they had done into the subterranean shaft in the silver mine at Potosi.

By our best guessing the dimensions of the crater, instead of being a circular orifice, conformed in shape to that of the basin, its longest diameter from northeast to southwest being about four hundred and fifty yards, and its greatest breadth not far from three hundred. About one-third of the opening was taken up with a central cone, shaped like the crater itself, and as well as we could make out, about equidistant from the circumference on all sides, rising in a dark greenish, glistening cone, ten yards above the level of the outer walls of the crater.

There was no flame or fire visible, but occasional volumes of dense vapor smoke, sometimes light as that from pure burning sulphur, then almost black; sometimes again a bluish red, and then white, blue, black, red and a dozen different shades all mingling together; the volume never rolling out quite steadily, but one while coming up in a mass, as if it would really choke up the vent; then decreasing rapidly in volume and density till in the next minute there would be only a thin transparent vapor curling and wreathing slowly up from the opening. Then suddenly the great black throat would belch out heavy masses in jets and fantastic convolutions, twisting, turning and twining like many phantom serpents.

There was a vast subterranean fire down underneath there and actively at work, the author of all these vaporous fantasies. There was no doubt of that. Indeed we had continually aural evidence of a constant fiery turmoil going on beneath our feet in the throes, quivering and convulsive shuddering of the surface, and the subdued subterranean moans, mutterings, and at unequal intervals a series of hollow, spasmodic bellowings, changing into short, snappish growls, and then dying away into dismal groans as if a legion of Titans were doing purgatorial penance within the fiery bowels of Sorato.

They have their uses, no doubt, in the world's economy, these snowy peaks and towering volcanic spires, otherwise they would not have been created. But what that utility consists in as yet lies a hidden mystery in the bosom of Almighty Wisdom. We had no idea, unless it was to afford such as were willing to take the trouble to climb up there such a superb platform from which to look out over half the world. Bare, rugged, forbidding, sterile, producing nothing, they seem a total waste of a vast amount of the world's surface; though perhaps useless and unproductive as the material is, like our stone walls around fields and stone heaps in them, it is better economy to have them piled up thus than scattered promiscuously all over the surface of the whole domain.

Caton, whose ideas were generally just a trifle Utopian, declared that if the entire Andean Range, with all its high heads, peaks, spurs and countless sierras, were only rolled down flat into a respectable champagne country, like the eastern shore of Maryland, South America would shut up the South Atlantic, extending from the coast of Africa to the Sandwich Islands.

The following is a verbatim report of a speech delivered at a religious meeting out West by a good, pious deacon. It is a queer combination of terms, certainly: "My female brethren, it is of the most in-flight importance that we should all be clothed in white remittance!"

The Richmond Dispatch says that the owner of the farm known as Dutch Gap, finding that the island made by the cutting of Baker's canal could not be conveniently put to use without some means of communication with the main land, is filling up one end of the canal, in order to create a causeway, and the canal will soon be among the things that were.

Tax Hark—Spent ten bars, when stored in large bodies, is very liable to combustion. A tannery in Norway (Mr.) was nearly set on fire, last week, by the spontaneous ignition of a quantity of spent bark.

## How a Statue is Made.

The subject is first conceived or thought of, like that of a beautiful poem or sonnet, a complete unit, unless it be a statue of a statesman or hero. When the subject has been fully considered by the sculptor, he makes a sketch in chalk or charcoal, on paper. Before he begins the final model, a sketch or study in clay is made, from one foot to two feet in height, to get the pose and balance of the figure. A good practice in all that pertains to busts, statues, or figures of colossal proportions; that is a preparatory study.

Then begins the work in earnest. A platform is prepared of strength in proportion to the weight of the clay model it has to bear, and the platform is so made to either revolve on its own centre, or supported by strong castors, to move in any direction or light required. Then the skeleton is constructed to suit the proportions of the projected statue, of iron and wood, with joints to meet all demands of movement of arms and limbs, in any direction desired.

Sometimes a strong upright of iron, well braced at the base, from which projects an arm on which to suspend the skeleton midway between the shoulders at the back, a mode that gives the sculptor a perfect control of his work, and very practical in modelling statues and small equestrian statues. If the statue is a sitting figure, or recumbent, most of the body and accessories can be made of wood and covered with clay. For life-size statues, the skeleton or bones of the arms and legs are made of strong lead pipe, of an inch or more in diameter, and bent to suit any action of the limbs required. Lead pipe is readily perforated, in which to insert pins of wood to support the clay that may be applied to the arms or legs.

When the skeleton is completed to the throat, a ball and socket joint is requisite for the ease and graceful action of the head, which can be moved at any time by having a stop-screw at the back of the neck, between the shoulders. Colossal statues, of ten or twelve feet in height, require lead pipe, two inches and a half to three inches in diameter, for the bones of the arms and legs. After the skeleton is finished, the clay is packed firmly and closely as possible on the skeleton, somewhat larger than life, or the intended statue, let it be great or small. Then begins the work of modelling, at first from good studies in plaster, and finishing from life models.

After the model is completed in the nude state, with all of the desired proportions, it is draped to suit the character or person for whom it is intended. The sculptor then reviews the whole work from head to foot, for by that time he has decided what kind of an expression he intends to give the face and put the finishing stroke to it. The soul of sculpture is in producing the model. It takes a man of genius to make a statue in clay, while a man of talent can carve it in marble.

We would like to pass over the subject of expression, were it not inseparable from a complete bust or statue. Twenty-five years ago a "grand repose" was all the rage, from the stolidity of a mule to the imperturbable gravity of a mud turtle. Our people are progressive, and have learned to love and admire works that have life and animation in them. Some people, like their characters, have no expression at all. For instance, the sporting man soon learns to suppress all the mobility of his face, while others never had any to "wipe out."

Others again, whose faces have no more expression than peeled turnips or stone walls, that look tranquilly, and whose eyes remind one of pewter buttons set in lead. Such faces would do for the "grand repose" so much admired by connoisseurs and antiquarians. There are three expressions peculiar to men, to say nothing of ten thousand gradations that intervene.

First. There is the emotional face, such as a man wears while talking to children, or conversing with a charming woman. A bust of a man so treated would be recognized by ladies and children, but never by his male friends.

Second. The animated, or intellectual face, such as we see in the pulpit and forum, all the muscles of the face rigidly alive, such as a statesman would have while chastising an erring brother for getting astride of the political fence.

Third. The last, highest and most difficult to impress on canvas, or in marble, the illuminated face, lighted up with the memory of a glorious deed, or beautiful thoughts. The last two expressions are appropriated for busts and statues; but the first never—which would only become the smirking hypocrite and hypocrite, such as we see in the portraits of Sterne and others.

But how are those desirable expressions produced? That is one of the mysteries of the studio. This much is certain. It requires a man of brains to give the impress of mind to matter—that is to the canvas and marble. No man with monkey characteristics can ever go beyond producing the outline, or material form. Such a man is a stranger to the pure expression of soul and beautiful thoughts divine. All great works are, more or less, the reproduction of the artist's or poet's second self.

Our statue is finished; the last impress of the sculptor, the last affectionate touch has been given; it is like the parting of the poet with his manuscript. The statue must be cast. Why? Is the prompt inquiry. To prevent it from contracting, or losing any of its fine proportions. A mould is made with plaster of Paris, in sections, over the model. When completed the mould is removed and the clay model destroyed. The mould is carefully cleaned and prepared to receive the plaster, which takes the place of the clay.

When all of the sections made in plaster from the clay model are neatly joined together, so as to look like a complete whole, the plaster mould is ready to be transferred to the foundry to be cast in bronze, or taken from the studio into the carver's shop, where it is copied into stone or marble, by absolute measurements.

Such has been the custom among sculptors for hundreds of years. We regret to say, however, there are several popular fallacies about. Such as Michael Angelo's grappling with the marble at once, without the aid of models.

Did he not make snow statues in the Duke's garden to amuse his guests? There are clay models, made by Michael Angelo, at the present time preserved in the city of Florence. All the race of American sculptors in Europe have their models copied into marble by Italian sculptors or carvers.

## Curious Experiment.

Just at the close of the cholera epidemic in Paris an interesting experiment was tried by Dr. Loraïn, one of the physicians of the Hospital St. Antoine, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. As is well known to the profession, the blood in cholera becomes thick; or, to speak more correctly, loses its watery particles, and does not circulate in the capillary system. Under this state of things the patient grows blue and cold and falls rapidly into collapse. Dr. Loraïn thought that when a patient was found in this fatal condition it would be a good thing to inject water into his veins so as to thin the blood again and enable it to circulate to all parts of the body. He first tried the experiment on animals and found it did not kill them. He then took the first collapsed case which came into the hospital, which happened to be a young man with no other bodily ailment than the disease in question. When he was cold, insensible and cadaveric—in a word within an hour or two of his death—Dr. Loraïn called his hospital colleagues together, told them what he wanted to do, and asked them their opinion as to the possibility of curing the man by other remedies. With one accord they declared the patient beyond hope of relief, and that the doctor's conscience might be at ease in the trial of the experiment which he proposed. He then, with the usual caution against the introduction of air, injected into the veins at the fold of the arm about twelve ounces of water at a temperature of 104 deg. Fahrenheit. The man soon grew warmer, his pulse became perceptible, he showed unmistakable signs of returning life, and, in fact, sixteen hours after the operation, in the morning, he sat up in bed and asked for a drink. He went on improving, passed through the phases of an ordinary convalescence from cholera, and got well.

CHRISTMAS.—By the Romans this anniversary was celebrated under the title of Saturnalia, or the festival of Saturn, and was marked by the prevalence of universal license and merry-making. The slaves were permitted to enjoy for a time a thorough freedom and behavior, and it is even said that their masters waited on them as servants. Every one feasted and rejoiced, work and business were entirely suspended. Presents were made by parents and friends, and all sorts of games and amusements were indulged in by the citizens. In the bleak North the same rejoicings had place, but in a ruder and more barbarous form. The name given by the ancient Goths and Saxons to the festival was Yul or Yule, the latter term forming to the present day the designation in the Scottish dialect of Christmas, and preserved also in the phrase of the Yule-log.

THE Cincinnati Gazette tells this story about the young prince of Venango, Pa., oil region. His aunt, owner of the rich oil farm which bears her name, died in 1864, leaving her nephew, then twenty years old, \$100,000 in greenbacks, \$50,000 in gold, and the farm, which yielded an average daily income of \$1,000. The young fellow, who had been hitherto well-behaved, was ruined by his fortune, and plunged into all sorts of vice. He became a ready prey to gamblers, losing \$100,000 in two nights. He squandered thousands on wine and women; bought jewelry and carriages only to give them away, and having spent all, is now only door-keeper to a company of minstrels.

BUSINESS BY WHOLESALE.—The Common Council of New York has made a single job this season of its annual New Year's presents of extra pay to subordinate clerks and attaches. Its donating resolution directs the Comptroller "to draw his warrant in favor of the clerks and attaches of the Board of Aldermen and Councilmen for two hundred and fifty dollars each, for extra services rendered to the Committee during the year 1866." It used to be the custom to specify by name the individuals to whom extra pay was awarded; but that formality has now been dispensed with, and the Comptroller may pay anybody he considers an *attache*.

A MEXICAN CUSTOM.—In Mexico and other Spanish American countries, as also in some parts of Europe, the funerals of children are celebrated with music and the firing of rockets, and with signs of rejoicing rather than of sorrow. The procession is often preceded by a man playing a lively air on a violin. For it is believed, literally, as said by Christ of little children, "O such is the kingdom of Heaven," and that to die young secures salvation, as well as to escape from the trials and troubles of life. The corpse of the child is covered with flowers, and its little pale cheeks often painted in imitation of life.

A VERY peculiar artist has arrived in Brussels, M. Zmi by name, who imitates with his mouth a whole orchestra of instruments, not only separately, but two or three at a time, all without any other assistance than the elasticity of his larynx. Specially excellent in his imitation of the musical snuff-box. Zmi is not only a ventriloquist but a musician, who has arranged divers numbers and overtures for his specialty. His performances attract much attention in Belgium.

A SORRY SPECTACLE.—We yesterday saw on the street a small cot containing a few blankets, a few old clothes, and a baby, that has been drawn all the way from Georgia by two boys, whose mother has done the cooking on the way. The baby is decidedly the happiest of the party. The woman and the boys are much jaded by their arduous march, and were receiving, when we saw them, donations from charitable gentlemen, who were glad to assist them on their sad, sore journey.—Louisville paper.

FLOGGING IN THE BOSTON SCHOOLS.—Dr. J. P. Ordway, one of the Boston School Committee, stated that during the past nine months 13,744 cases of corporal punishment have been reported by the teachers of Boston. This would make the number for the year about 180,000. The "moral reformers" of Boston should turn a little of their attention to home-floors, which seem to be suffering from their too great attention to other people's business.

TYPE MADE FROM INDIA RUBBER.—It is stated that a manufactory for making printers' type of vulcanized India rubber has been established at Dalton, England. This new species of type, it is said, is made very quickly, and at one-third the cost of ordinary metallic type, whilst it is claimed that the India rubber type are as durable and of as good quality as those now in use.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Rattle the window, wind,  
Rain, drip on the pane!  
There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes,  
And a weary weight on our brains.

The gray sea heaves and heaves,  
On the dreary flats of sand;  
And the blasted limb of the church-yard yew—  
It shakes like a ghostly hand!

The dead are engulphed beneath it,  
Sunk in the grassy waves!  
But we have more dead in our hearts to-day  
Than the earth in all her graves!

## The Rat Nuisance.

Catching rats is often difficult, as old rats are proverbially cunning. Laying around poison is dangerous not alone, but also objectionable, for the reason that rats may die in inaccessible spots and contaminate the atmosphere with the well-known detestable odor. A better plan has been adopted by one of our correspondents, by which he takes advantage of the sunning habits of the rats. He covers the floor near the rat-hole with a thin layer of moist caustic potash; when the rats walk on this it makes their feet sore; these they lick with their tongues, it makes their mouths sore, and the result is that they shun this locality not alone, but appear to tell all the neighboring rats about it, and eventually the house is entirely abandoned by them, notwithstanding the neighborhood may be teeming with rats.

FEATHERS.—A Paris journal, speaking of ladies' dresses, has the anecdote: "Another fashion, of an eccentric character, is appearing. It consists of trimmings made of feathers. Formerly a plume or marabout was worn in the bonnet; now the whole person is covered with them, just like the savages of the New World. Sportsmen cannot supply them in sufficient quantity. Feathers of the peacock, partridge, pinto, pheasant, jay, blackbirds, and pigeons are all seized on with eagerness, and even the ducks of poultry-yards are plucked to satisfy the caprice of our fashionable ladies."

There is a 1,300 acre cranberry farm in Michigan.

A Washington correspondent tells this characteristic story concerning the Count Gurovski:—The count was once in a heated argument with Judge L——, when he suddenly said, "Judge L——, I admire you!" "Why," returned the Judge, "I cannot see how you can admire me after calling me such hard names!" "Indeed," roared the count, "I admire everything that is perfect, and you are one perfect scoundrel!"

In the Senate there are no two members of the same name. In the House there are two Ashleys, two Clarkes, two Hardings, two Hoopers, four Hubbards, two Hobbells, two Lawrences, two Randalls, two Rices, two Taylors, three Thomases, two Van Horns, two Wards, three Washburns, two Wilsons, and—mirabile dictu—one Smith.

The Imperial Court of Rome, France, has just decided that the epithet "female" applied to a woman constituted an insult.

Recently the Duke of Hamilton was announced to be present at the Brompton Theatre, and the audience was on tip-toe of expectation at having an opportunity of seeing a "real live duke." His grace, however, did not come, and it occurred to a racing "sport" that the public ought not to be disappointed. He, therefore, laid a wager that he would impersonate the duke, and forthwith proceeded to the seat reserved for that nobleman in the centre box. This was the signal for a general cheer, led by the confederates of the *no duant* duke. His lordship designed a bow to each part of the house, then sat down, and enjoyed the opera to his own and the general satisfaction.

The Philadelphia Press gives a summary of the last report on the Girard estate. The estimated gross revenues for 1867-'68 are \$330,000, an increase from last year of over fifty per cent. The value of the real estate is constantly increasing, and as it cannot be sold, or leased for a longer period than five years, it must always furnish a large and steady revenue. The trust owns nearly two hundred properties in Philadelphia, consisting of stores, dwellings, wharfs, lots and farms, besides valuable coal and timber lands in Schuylkill and Columbia counties. Some of the rents have been doubled, others tripled. It is to be hoped that the fund will soon be able to support twelve hundred orphans.

Two kinds of fish are plentiful in our rivers now, skates and soles.

Every man who is not a monster, a mathematician, or a mad philosopher is the slave of some woman.

The Houston (Texas) Telegraph says, an old negro man, who stands very high in the African church in point of religion, fell very sick, and believing that he had the cholera, he immediately commenced praying to the Lord to spare him until he could repeat of his evil deeds, adding "that he wasn't half as good as he pretended to be."

COWPER AND COOPER.—In old English names the diphthong "ow" used generally to be pronounced "oo." Thus the late Archbishop of Canterbury's name Howley was pronounced Hooley. Earl Cowper's name is pronounced "Cooper," as was the name of the poet William Cowper.

G. T. W.

[In Lowland Scotch, which is, in fact, old English, a cow is invariably called a coo.]

Mr. Medill, of the Chicago Tribune, charges that the leading members of the New York Associated Press colluded with the domestic manufacturers to prevent the repeal of the duty on foreign paper, the object being, of course, to crush out weaker rivals and prevent the establishment of new ones. The Express gives the accusation a *span denial*, which exonerates its proprietors. Can the Herald, Tribune and Times do as much?—New York Atlas.

A Washington clergyman, in addressing a prayer on behalf of Universal Suffrage, without regard to race, color, age, or sex, said: "Paradoxical as this may seem to thee, O Lord! it is nevertheless true."

ISO AND BOAR.—A Londoner man publishes the following advertisement in the Womansack Patriot: "The young boy that posted his wife Mary, in the last week's 'Patriot,' for leaving his 'bed and board,' brought his wife to my house, five or six weeks ago, sick with the typhoid fever, and agreed to pay her board, when he failed to do. I hereby forbid all fools posting their wives on my bed and board, after this date."



PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

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## REMARKS.

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## A NEW EXCELSIOR.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,  
That a noble deed is a step towards God,  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under feet,  
By what we have mastered of good and gain,  
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,  
And the vanquished ill we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust—  
When the morrow calls us to life and light;  
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night  
Our lines are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray,  
And we think that we mount the air on wings,  
Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men,  
We may borrow the wings to find the way—  
We may hope and aspire and resolve and pray,  
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;  
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,  
And the sleeper awakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to the summit round by round.

## MY SCHOOLFELLOWS.

BY ISA BLADGEN.

## PART II.

A fortnight of three weeks passed away, and with this heavy anxiety at my heart I do not think my studies were very successful, but I was getting almost too old for the ordinary routine of school avocations, so that it was of less consequence.

One morning, as I sat listlessly turning over the leaves of my French history, a note was brought to me. My heart gave a leap. I tore it open. I recognized Lina's hand. It ran thus:—

"My dearest Susan,—Come to me. I have sent Summers for you. Ask Madame to let you come for two or three days.

"Yours affectionately, LINA."

That was all, and yet the characters danced before my eye, and a choking fear was at my heart. Those three words, "Come to me," seemed fraught with a piercing entreaty. Lina's words were at all times so few that the simplest appeal from her bore a significance which was irresistible. I jumped up and ran to Madame's room, and handed her the note.

"May I go?"

"Certainly. Summers is gone to fetch a cab; you need not return till Monday next for your music lesson."

Did Madame guess how passionately I was wanted?

I ran up to dress and put together a few clothes, but I made such haste that I was quite ready by the time the cab arrived. I jumped in before Summers had time to get out, and we were off.

"Oh, tell me, Summers," I said, and I caught her hand and put back her veil. The poor woman's eyes were swollen with crying.

"No, no, Miss Susan, I can't—do not ask me, I cannot speak about it. My poor child!" for so the faithful woman always designated her nursing.

Like all young people, I jumped to conclusions more rapidly than reasonably, and had taken it for granted that Lina was at home again. I did not hear the address given to the cabman, and my surprise was therefore great when the drive extended itself long past any known parts of the town to a suburb at the north of London.

Summers got out at a small house in a very modest-looking crescent, called the cabman, and holding my parcel in her hand, took a latch-key out of her pocket and let herself in.

"Will you wait a moment, miss?" she said, as after we had gone up stairs she waited a moment at the drawing-room door.

"Yes," I whispered. All this preparation had frightened me, and I trembled from head to foot. After a few minutes, which seemed ages, Summers beckoned me in.

I passed through a small drawing-room into a smaller bedroom beyond. On the bed, looking as white as death, drooping as a prostrated lily, was Lina. She put up her arms as I approached, and, impelled by what feeling I know not, I fell on my knees beside the bed. A sense of reverence, such as is inspired by some great but unremembered calamity, overpowered me.

"Dear Susan," said Lina's gentle voice, "tell me about mamma, I have not seen her for more than a month."

I told her what I knew, and the tears dropped slowly down Lina's cheek.

"But tell me, dear—"

"I wrote to mamma in case I died; there is the letter, will you read it? And then do not speak about it, it is best not."

"Please, ma'am," said Summers, "you must be quiet now; I will give Miss Susan something to eat while you rest."

Lina bent down her dear little face and kissed me. I left her with the letter in my hand. After the lapse of so many years my eye fell when I remember the few simple words in which poor Lina told her story.

As conclusively as the events could well be narrated, I read how she had met at Oakthorpe a certain Mr. Melville, a half-brother of Mrs. Balfour's. Mrs. Balfour was Lina's relative, and the mistress of Oakthorpe. Mr. Melville was in bad health; he had been obliged to give up his profession, the navy, in consequence. The contrast between the bold adventurous life he had formerly led (he had twice joined an Arctic expedition), and this forced retirement from active life, was a most painful trial to him, and he suffered acutely. Lina became interested in him; he fell in love with her; he was averse, however, to confessing it. When, however, she was sent for by her mother, he betrayed himself in his surprise and regret at the sudden parting. He told her at once that he knew it was hopeless, that no parents in their senses would per-

mit their daughter to marry a man without health and without a profession. Lina thought her mother, at least, would not discourage him, but he entreated her not to confide in any one for the present. "There might be a possibility," he said, "in the future, in the event of his health being better, and he would not throw away the chance; meanwhile, he held her free. As she was not engaged to him, it was unnecessary to speak of him." Lina was always reserved, and as she had nothing to tell but that there was a person who loved her hopelessly and ardently, and to whom she had not even afforded herself the silence he had enjoined, she felt, without knowing why, there was a great change in her home. She had a presentiment of coming evil, and a conviction of present danger. Her sensitive mouse-like nature took the alarm, and she kept her secret. She returned to finish her visit at Oakthorpe, and found Mr. Melville much worse, and clinging to her and to her presence with intense though despairing love. As a last hope, though a forlorn one, his medical men ordered him to leave England for Madeira. He refused to leave England; he wished to die, he declared, at Oakthorpe, during Lina's visit. He said he could not part from her and knew that before he reached Madeira she would be married to some happier man. At last, after his sister and Lina had exhausted every entreaty, he consented to go, but on one condition, Lina must marry him. The marriage might be a secret one: he would part from her at the altar's foot if she pleased, but he should secure her; and if he survived to return, his beloved would await him, his own faithful bride. Mrs. Balfour was romantic, and young, and devotedly attached to her brother; her influence over Lina induced the latter to consent. Mrs. Balfour arranged everything, and she and Summers witnessed the marriage. (Summers, who had been suspicious of Mr. Norbrecht, was I believe, delighted to snatch his prey from him.) After ten days the young couple separated, Lina went back to London with Summers, and Mr. Melville sailed. They were to correspond through Mrs. Balfour. Lina repented of her share in this imprudence as soon as she met her mother's loving carerous eyes; but it was too late, her regrets and her anxieties were the cause of her illness. She entreated Mrs. Balfour to release her from her promise of secrecy, but Mrs. Balfour was resolute in not doing so. The accounts from Mr. Melville were encouraging, and in fluctuations of hope and fear Lina passed the time from June till November. She avoided me, for she felt that my keen gillish eyes would have seen a secret in her face. Her mother's were so dimmed by incessant tears, shed over her husband's impending ruin, that she only felt that Lina was changed, without the remotest guess at the cause.

Lina returned to London early in November. In a newspaper she had taken up one morning she read among the deaths, Mr. Melville's. Mrs. Balfour was absent from Oakthorpe at the time, and had not been able to write to prepare her for the shock. This was the explanation of her extraordinary grief. Then followed Mr. Norbrecht's proposal; the time was certainly at Lina's choice, Lina's heart was well-nigh broken. She felt she must fly, "anywhere, anywhere out of the world," where this fatal talk of brides and bridegrooms would not mock her sorrow for her lost love. To be placed by her father and mother, in what seemed a crisis of their fate, in a position to save them by the terrible sacrifice of herself, and at the same time to hear the knell of perished happiness echoing in her heart, and giving the lie to all the false vows they wished her to take, was more than she could bear. Summers, who alone knew what had happened, saw that absence was necessary, if her young mistress's life and reason were to be spared. She must have a respite; she must weep her first widowed tears alone, before she could, poor child, even listen to what her parents required of her. Summers had a sister, who lived at Islington, who could receive them, and she and Lina took refuge there. The agitation brought on a brain fever, and for two or three weeks Lina lay between life and death. She was now recovered, as if from a grave. She wished to return home, but she had not courage to do so till I had seen her mother and told her all.

She had now rested, and I went back to her. She received me with a faint wintry smile.

"You know all now, dear Susan. Will you tell mamma?"

"Yes, dear."

"Tell her all, but ask her not to speak to me about it, only to say she forgives me. I could not bear to talk even to her about it yet. I shall get over it in time, and then—and then I will do what she wishes." I saw the drops of perspiration rise to her brow as she spoke. "I will come to her for all the anxiety I have given her and papa too."

"Must Mr. Rosas know?"

"If mamma thinks it right he should. I feel I deserve all their reproaches and all their blame, but I have suffered, indeed I have."

I stayed with her all that day. She was just as simple and reserved as ever. Never was heroine of a tragic episode less "sensational," if I may so call it, in her manner; and it was this absence of all even unconscious tendency to pose which constituted one of Lina's charms. There was so much more depth than appeared externally in all she said or did. It required the gentlest, delicatest touch to draw forth the emotions of that heart, and therefore it was little known or even suspected that few women had deeper or more passionate feelings than Lina.

The next morning I went to Mrs. Rosas. I told her all. Her ecstasy of gratitude that Lina was found—that she was comparatively safe—was indescribable. She seemed, in truth, to have been called "out of the depths" to life and light. There was no blame, no reproach, only joy.

"Only let her return—my poor Lina!"

"Shall you tell Mr. Rosas?"

She paused, and her face changed.

"Yes, I will tell him," she said, after an effort. "He may hear it better now, for Mr. Norbrecht has left England, and a sudden change in the money market has enabled Mr. Rosas to pay him part of our debt. I will tell him," she said. "I will go at once, and we will both go to Lina, and fetch her home. If all is right, I will wave my handkerchief out of window."

"What arguments or what precise explanations she made use of I knew not at the time, but they must have been cogent, and of the kind best understood by her husband, for she conquered him. At first his rage was terrible, and he would have cursed Lina, but she overruled him, so that he consented to accompany her, and what was more, she succeeded in making him swear that not a word should be uttered to her of reproach or blame. Within the last twelve months Mrs. Rosas had learned the limits of her husband's parental love, and knew how to manage him. I may as well mention here what I only learned afterwards. The mother's diamonds and dowry had purchased the daughter's pardon, as some other valuable jewels—her pearls—had bought the fatal permission to go to Oakthorpe, which had been the indirect cause of all this grief.

I watched them from the dining-room. I saw a cab drive up; a handkerchief fluttered at the window for a moment. When they came in, Mr. Rosas seemed to think it necessary to feign entire ignorance of what had happened.

"Is dinner ready?" he asked, as he came in.

"Sir! It is only five o'clock," answered the servant, in a surprised and aggravated tone.

"Ah! Well, I shall go out for a walk till six. Lina, you had better have some tea. You have had a long journey. How do you do, Susan? What a stranger you have been lately. Well, I'm off. By, by!" and thinking he had effectually stopped all conjectures on the part of the servants, he went out.

As soon as the door closed on him, mother and daughter fell into each other's arms. They could not imitate him, or comply with his love for hollow falsehoods for the sake of keeping up appearances. What mattered ought else? They were together again, after what might have been an eternal parting. Lina sunk through her mother's arms, lower and lower, till she was on her knees.

"Forgive me, dear. I must have been mad to leave you. But it was all so dreadful, and I think from the moment that I read in that paper that my husband was dead, I was not right in my mind."

There was something very touching in the way Lina pronounced the word husband. She was not in mourning. She looked as glacial as ever; but one could see what a terrible blow she had received. Mrs. Rosas looked transfixed. She was always more demonstrative in her feelings than Lina, and she kissed her and cried over her, and cried over her and kissed her, till she was exhausted.

When dinner came, Mr. Rosas appeared. He had a kind of all-well-that-ends-well expression in his countenance which provoked me, but we all humored him, and talked of trivial everyday matters; but there was a look about his wife's and daughter's face which was in direct contradiction with the false smoothness of his. They looked as those saved from shipwreck look during the first hour of gratitude and of terror. Everything afterwards seemed to go on as before the first visit to Oakthorpe.

Lina was devoted to her mother, and gently submissive to her father. But she seemed to have lived her life, and to be now in a mere death-in-life state. Her own individuality was merged in that of her parents. There was another significant change. She sang no more. Her voice was gone!

I passed Christmas with them. It was the first Christmas I had ever known. Like the Lady of Shalott, my mirror of careless youth was broken, and life was no longer a faint and shadowy reflection, but a tragical reality. I was brought face to face with a deep sorrow, a terrible fear, a great wrong. Lina, her mother, her father, had each and all suffered acutely. With the stillness and anxiety of the first I sympathized profoundly. There was, besides, a general sense of insecurity about the household, a feeling that some catastrophe was imminent. Mr. Norbrecht had been paid, but there were creditors on all sides. Mr. Rosas had speculated away his enormous fortune in the most reckless manner. It could only be explained by the supposition that the insanity which developed itself later, was latent even then. I returned to school, and the first break in my long intercourse with Lina was made by a change in my own fate. I was sent for by an aunt, my only surviving relative. I left London for Devonshire. She was ill, and I was detained with her for a year. Three months after I went I received the following letter from Lina:—

"We are going away, dear Susan. Papa is ruined. God bless you, do not forget me. When I return, if ever, I shall go to you. Papa will not allow me to say where we are going. I love you, dear Susan, and shall love you always."

This was the last letter I received from her, and the last I heard of her for nearly twenty years.

I need not say how often and how sadly during that period I thought of the bright-eyed companion of my early youth. She, who was the untried one amongst us all, and who seemed to us called to some brilliant destinies, had vanished into obscurity; and I, for one, was filled with apprehensions at what might be her fate. But I was wrong throughout. If her youth was not spent in the Arabia Felix I had anticipated for her, neither was her maturity doomed to the Arabia Petrea I had feared.

About twenty years after I had received Lina's letter, I was travelling with some friends in Switzerland, and for the first time came upon a trace of Lina. At a table d'hôte I met Mrs. Balfour. We had committed the unpardonable sin, in some English eyes, of speaking without being introduced. On the second day, speaking of the beauty of different countries, she mentioned her own place—Oakthorpe. I started as if I had been shot, and in a moment told her who I was, and asked about Lina. She told me she had heard occasionally from her. It appears that Mr. Melville had left a will, by which half his property, about £5,000, was left to Lina. Mr. Rosas had left England deeply in debt, and had, therefore, left



had spread over a number of years. Mrs. Balfour had heard from time to time of Lina, through the solicitor charged with the liquidation of them. The last she had heard was that Lina was married to a Mr. Saibach, in the neighborhood of Lucerne. That was enough for me; the next day saw me on my road to Lucerne. Arrived at the hotel, I despatched a note with the vague address of "Madame Saibach, near Lucerne." To my amazement the very next day I received an answer from Lina.

"Come to see me," she said; "I can scarcely believe it possible. Come directly, if you can." A few directions how to find the house, and that was all. Lina Saibach—how I looked at the well-known writing in which was signed the strange name!

I took a carriage and drove some miles out of Lucerne; I was so impatient the time seemed interminable. How different it had all been from our early dreams. At last a white house with two turrets rising up at each side stood before me in the middle of some farm buildings. The carriage drove into a farm-yard, and I was deposited at the door of a rude-looking mansion, half farm, half school. When a Swiss house is not elaborately quaint, it is vulgarly mediocre, and this house was certainly a very ugly one.

As I hastened upstairs, I stopped the servant who had opened the door for me.

"How is your mistress? Is her mother with her?"

"Madame is very well for her, she is never very well; but does not the lady know that Madame's mother is dead; she died here five years ago."

I suppose I turned so pale that the woman noticed it.

"Apparition! Madame knew that Madame Saibach was dead. She came here five years ago with her daughter when she married Monsieur, and was like an angel, so good, so reasonable, so charitable."

I hastened into the little drawing-room. I could not check my tears, for over the fire-place, facing me as I entered, was a portrait of Mrs. Rosa. It was badly painted, but there was a faint shadow of her smile, and of the tenderness of her eyes, and not even the rude painting could obscure these. The next thing which struck me was that as I had often noticed in the drawing-room at B—Square, there was more than the usual proportion of needle-work in it.

To some eyes, these evidences of patient industry would have revealed much. Both the mother and the daughter's lives were told by the same mute witness. A few minutes passed and Lina entered. Was she changed? No—yet! At first the large black eyes, the tiny features, the delicate complexion, the smooth hair, looked just as they did twenty years ago. A second look showed that these were all there, but the expression was changed; there was no vitality in it. It was the same death-in-life look, but now abiding and fixed, which had been faintly shadowed forth when she returned home after Melville's death. Lina—the former Lina—was dead, had been dead all these years. There was another change; the elegance, the taste in dress, the coquettish prettinesses, were all gone. A drab-colored dress, worn, rather underdone; hair smooth, but folded back with only the idea of being put out of the way; a stoop in the figure replaced the winged Psyche, bright and buoyant, of former times. In a few minutes an old lady entered.

"My mother-in-law," said Lina; and then the mother-in-law took all the talking into her hands, and Lina sat beside me, silent, holding my hand. I felt now and then a tremulous motion in hers, as if the pulse was beating strong and fast, but that was all.

Presently two little girls entered.

"Yours, Lina?"

"Yes," she said; "this is Mary, and this is Susan. I named them after mamma and you."

The little girls were fine little creatures, and promised to be much taller than their tiny mamma, but they had nothing of her grace.

What a contrast between this home and the one in which Lina and I sat side by side in the days long ago! The furniture was so simple, the arrangements so homely; but instead of the poor view of opposite houses, which was all we saw before us then, what a glorious panorama presented itself from the small windows near which we now sat. Here was compensation, I acknowledged.

The mother-in-law was animated, and talked with a great deal of cleverness and spirit. She was evidently fond of Lina and of the children; but her face grew radiant when she talked of her son. She was to her what Lina had been to Mrs. Rosa. I could scarcely realize the fact that Lina was only the second figure in the domestic group; I had so long seen her the first, the centre of all.

While we were talking, Mr. Saibach came in. He welcomed me with grave kindness, asked some eager questions about a cow that was expected to calve, pinched his little girl's ears, and then went into the garden to smoke and read his newspaper. His mother followed him.

"Are you happy, Lina?" I said.

"Yes, Susan, and mamma was happy, which was best of all."

"She lived here with you?"

"Yes, Jacques has been very good to us all. When we were all but hopeless, papa so ill, and we almost unable to support him as it was right he should be supported, Jacques came forward and asked me to be his wife. I told him all. I would rather never have married, but I saw mamma wished it, and I had promised her I would strive for all the anxiety I had caused her by doing exactly as she wished in everything. I did so."

"And you are happy?"

"Yes, mamma lived ten years with me here. She died, a year after my Susan was born, with my hand in hers, contented and at peace."

I looked round the room. She smiled, for she understood me.

"Yes, this is all very different from our home in England, but I like it better; so did mamma. We are at peace here, and there she suffered so much, and all its splendor had to be so dearly paid for at last."

"Mr. Rosa?"

"He died many years before mamma."

She spoke quietly as of old. I explored her face, and tried to read its calm.

"You remind me of old days, looking at me so earnestly."

"I should like to read your heart, Lina."

"It is not difficult; I am satisfied with my lot. I had a great shock, once it is as if I had lost some limb or some sense; I am perfectly recovered, but of course I cannot be as I was before."

"This is so different—" I said.

"From our early dreams—you, there are no

diamonds and court-dresses, and no prince; but I have the Sunday-schools and the children. I have, what is best of all, duties to fulfill here, and hopes to look forward to in heaven. To you my life may seem a dreary one—you do not see what is in it; it is like this opal, which appears nothing but a milky monotony, but holds fast in its centre a spark of fire."

"I see," I said; "they are all kind, good-humored, and unselfish; but the smile you give (I pointed to the portrait of Mrs. Rosa) has more warmth and heart in it."

Lina sighed.

"You are unjust, Susan. I was loved more than I deserved by her; it is better for me now to feel it is my turn to love."

Mr. Saibach came in, and we recommenced talking German. I saw that he esteemed her and was kind to her, and that he was an upright and just man; but—but—alas! I had expected such a different husband for my fairy queen.

Some visitors came in while I was spending the day at Wiesenach, and I could see by the manner Lina received them that all the liberal sweetness of her innocent love of pleasing was gone.

That night she came into my bed-room, while I undressed. "Jacques is asleep," she said, "and so we can have a little chat."

We talked till dawn. We watched the snowy mountains opposite, shining in their white splendor beneath the stars, and then saw them fade gradually into the grey and ghastly dawn.

"I am so glad to have seen your home," I said; "I can now picture you to myself as something real, not as the visionary memory I have had all these years."

"I do not feel real always," said Lina, "and you seem to make the present more shadowy than ever; you belong so entirely to my living past, to the day that is gone, not to this night, or rather to this new dawn."

There was a look in Lina's face as she said this, that made me think of the expression in that Hope of Guido's I gave her so long ago; that Hope with upturned eyes which ought to be called Faith or Patience.

I kissed her. She turned quickly.

"But you must not think I am not happy. I am, perhaps, not so happy as we fancied I should be—at least, not happy in the same way, but happier than many are. Are Olivia, Gertrude, Ellener, happier than I? And you, Susan, the least fortunate of us all once, is there one of us with whom you would change now?"

"As to me—" I said; "but no matter, it is useless to talk of one's self; but for you I had anticipated such a full feast of happiness."

"Be assured, Susan, that I am not unhappy; and believe also, as I believe, that the good wine will come later; the water will be made wine yonder," she looked up, "for I love, and I hope, and I trust."

The next morning I bade her adieu. I was rejoiced to have found her, glad that her home was so peaceful a one, but in my heart was a questioning regret. I confess I was very foolish. Life is never an entire fulfillment or an absolute failure; there is a middle path we none of us look forward to, which is the one appointed to us all. It is safest after all for the "dear gazelle" to "marry the market-gardener."

#### IN SILENCE AND ALONE.

In silence and alone, to-night,

I watch the solemn stars arise,

Till, orb by orb, heaven's wearying light

Drops down behind the western skies.

They keep their watch, nor know of mine;

Unmindful still of blame or praise,

Without a token or a sign,

They walk their cold, celestial ways.

And shining through each nightly hour,

More fair than star of morn or even,

Unfolds the golden crescent-flower,

That monthly blooms and fades in heaven.

Nor blooms more fair than beauteous eyes

Behold her shine through happy years;

Nor fades the sooner from the skies,

That some, like mine, are dim with tears.

I know of one whose earthly grace

Doth perish, slowly, day by day,

The twilight beauty of her face,

More tender as it fades away.

And still! the heavenly hosts move on,

And coldly shine on land and wave,

And still the golden moon flings down

Her careless light on many a grave.

#### Duties of a Lady's-Maid.

One of these not-to-be-mentioned persons has lately made disclosure throwing some light upon the women of rank in England. "Much is required from us in London," one of them writes: "We must, above all, be very punctual, for fashionable ladies change their dress at least five times a day during the season. We must have polished manners, be no older than thirty-five years, and always be cheerful and good-tempered, although for weeks we are kept without sleep until four o'clock in the morning—a practice which is equally injurious to the eyes and lungs. We are expected to cut and fit, and to use the most improved machine, and to dress hair for the morning, evening, and court costume, as well as for the drive, to iron well, to read, write, and cipher, to speak French and German, and, if possible, to have travelled."

There is still another function of a lady's-maid which is supposed to be a modern introduction, but which is, in fact, merely a revival of an ancient custom. We must be able to paint in pastel, not, indeed, *à la Watteau*, but *à la Titian*. To beautify our mistresses we must red- den the cheeks, put antimony upon the eyelids, paint upon the brows, introduce belladonna into eyes in order to enlarge the pupils, paint blue veins upon the temples, and use Nipon paint and pearl-white upon the rest of the skin. We must change the hair to a reddish-brown by means of a corroding material, or of 'palmia recchia,' which is now used in preference, for that purpose; and we must be possessed of great skill in applying all these ingredients, as their use is universal with the old as well as with the young."

A gentleman, upon being asked what was the reason of the present fashion of loading young ladies' necks with huge chains, replied that it was to keep the dear angels earthward, lest they should soar away—so they were made to "carry weight."

It is a champagne cork popped in a church in San Francisco during service and exposed the conduct of the irreverent hymn-singers.

#### THE BRIDAL VEIL.

BY ALICE CAREY.

We're married, they say, and you think you have won me—

Well, take this white veil from my head, and look on me:

Here's matter to vex you, and matter to grieve you,

Here's doubt to distrust you, and faith to believe you—

I am all, as you see, common earth, common dew;

Be wary, and mould me to roses, not rue!

Ah! shake out the filmy thing, fold after fold, And see if you have me to keep and to hold—

Look close on my heart—see the worst of its sinning—

It is not yours to-day for the yesterday's winning—

The past is not mine—I am too proud to borrow—

You must grow to new heights if I love you to-morrow.

We're married! I'm pledged to hold up your praise

As the turf at your feet does its handfull of daisies;

That way lies my honor—my pathway of pride, But, mark you, if greener grass grow either side,

I shall know it, and, keeping in body with you, Shall walk in my spirit with feet on the dew!

We're married! O, pray that our love do not fail!

I have wings flattened down and hid under my veil:

They are subtle as light—you can never undo them—

And swift in their flight—you can never pursue them,

And spite of all clasping, and spite of all bands, I can slip like a shadow, a dream, from your hands.

Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to take me, I am yours for my lifetime, and to be what you make me—

To wear my white veil for a sign, or a cover, As you shall be proven my lord, or my lover;

A cover for peace that is dead, or a token Of a bliss that can never be written or spoken.

#### HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. JERVIS OFF DUTY.

Mr. Jervis was taking his evening airing at the pantry door. The onerous and responsible duties of Mr. Jervis's day were over, and he looked very much at his ease—probably felt so—as he leaned against the door-post, in an attitude which displayed his somewhat portly figure to the greatest advantage. Mr. Jervis's sanctum was a large, airy apartment on the basement floor, and it opened out upon a sort of verandah, which extended all along the side of the house, and embraced in its patronage the housekeeper's room, the still-room, and other "superior" (as Mr. Jervis was fond of pointing out to visitors) offices. The taste which had elsewhere enriched every nook with blossoms had made this verandah a perfect bower of bloom. The fragrant clouds ascended from Mr. Jervis's cheroot to mingle with the scent of jasmine and clematis, and with the faint, sweet breath of late-blooming roses.

Turning the corner from where this verandah ended, another and still more "superior" section of the building commenced. Lawns and flower-beds faced the windows of the billiard-room and state drawing-room, whilst at the corner, where the end of the verandah abutted, formed a nucleus for the growth of flowery beauty—thick enough to form a screen—a few steps and a glass door gave entrance to a small octagon-shaped chamber. The walls of this chamber, which people came upon quite as a surprise, were hung with a green tulle-work of paper, on which clustered and climbed glowing imitations of the outside lowliness. The curtains which shaded the windows, and those which veiled the bed, were of flowered chintz; the carpet was strewn with roses; the very ceiling was embossed in white wreaths. This "Garden Bower," as it was called, had been a pretty, fanciful whim of Sir Walter Armistead's young wife of fifty years ago, and although never used since her premature death, a tender love for her memory had kept it in the same order and design. When the paper faded it was replaced by a new one of the same pattern; when moth and dust and too-intrusive sunshine had dimmed the lustre of the flower-be sprinkled chintz, it was re-bung in pristine freshness. Here was revealed the soft spot in the heart of the stern old man—only stern, perhaps, because of the blighted tenderness, the choked-up streams of love and happiness, which turned inward upon themselves, flowed in a devastating flood over the fair fields of hope, and found vent only to trickle forth in this little rift of gentle remembrance.

So the loving and beloved amongst us live two lives: the one, a visible life before men; the other, when the grave has closed upon the first, an invisible life in the hearts and the memories of those who cherished them—a second life, more lovely, more pure, more blameless than the first.

Miss Ursula and her niece, hearing the touching story of the "Garden Bower" from the grand old housekeeper—foster sister to the dead baronet—received it after the manner of their several natures. Miss Ursula, whose heart beat its own secret response to the tale, wiped away a furtive tear. Olive whispered—

"Aunt Ursula, we will never use this room: we will keep it always sacred."

Whilst Clara, fluttering hither and thither, praised the richness of the lace upon the dressing-table, and surveyed herself in the mirrors, and walked through the glass doors into the garden, talking in a loud voice all the time.

"A very pretty story—quite a romance! There must be lots of such stories connected with this fine old place, and surely there is a ghost, is there not, Mrs. —?"

"Gaythorn, miss," bowed the satin-clad dame.

"Mrs. Gaythorn," Clara repeated. "I ought not to forget your name—it is so uncommon. I shall remember it now; and I must come down to your room, Mrs. Gaythorn, and hear all the legends of the house; for, of course, you know them all."

Mrs. Gaythorn, coloring with pride and gratification, acknowledged that she did, and that

whenever the young lady would be pleased to honor her with a visit, she would be proud to tell her all she knew of her great ancestors—which word Mrs. Gaythorn pronounced with an emphasis on the second syllable which certainly added to its importance. And Mrs. Gaythorn thought, at the same time, what a charming, affable young lady Clara was—"so noble-looking, too—every inch an Armistead!"

"A delicious little corner!" Clara finally pronounced, standing at the door to take a last survey of the apartment. "I believe I shall come and establish myself here when the summer comes. It would really be a pity not to use such a pretty, snug little nest."

And Miss Ursula, sighing gently, thought to herself that it would have to be so sooner or later. The spirit of love, which had for so long inhabited that little chamber, had departed with the dead baronet, and the deserted shrine must even come to common uses. Only she felt that she could not have found it in her heart to disturb the relics of so much past love and constancy.

But Clara, immersed in visits and receptions, and in the many important duties which she took upon herself, let that first summer pass by without remembering the "Garden Bower." Now, however, she suddenly recalled to her old idea. Mr. Jervis, leaning, as we have said, in all the luxury of idleness, against the door of the pantry, was disturbed by a knocking at the other and inner door.

"Come in!" said Mr. Jervis, taking his cigar from his mouth for the greater facility of speech, but in no otherwise changing his comfortable position.

But, instead of coming in, the applicant for admission only knocked again, and more loudly.

"Mr. Jervis was very good-natured, so he merely indulged in a laugh as he proceeded to open the door to his diffident visitor. A pile of shadowy and unsubstantial garments massed into an erect but indistinguishable form, and some yards of flowing drapery, were all that met his view. Only a voice somewhere in the background asked—

"Mr. Jervis, will you let me pass through your room?"

Mr. Jervis's cheeks grew very red, and his heart bumped very loudly against his waistcoat. The voice exercised a certain magical influence over that organ in Mr. Jervis's bosom. Behind the drapery was concealed the form which Mr. Jervis, in his secret soul, was wont to apostrophize in the words of the song—

"She's all my fancy painted here,  
She's lovely—she's divine!"

"Bless me, Miss Perks!" he cried, with considerable animation, "I had no idea! It was you, or I shouldn't have kept you so long at the door. Hallow me." And in his eagerness to assist the fair object of his devotion, he proceeded to crumple a rose-colored tariane skirt and a black lace shawl between his zealous but inexperienced fingers.

"Thank you, Mr. Jervis," replied Miss Perks, gathering the threatened finery back into her own hands. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind taking this dressing-case instead. You see, Miss Clara has got a fancy to-day to move into the 'Garden Bower,' and I'm bringing down her things; but I've locked the door and left the key in my dressing-room, like a stupid that I am." (Mr. Jervis looked properly deprecating.) "But the glass door is open, and so I thought you wouldn't mind my coming through your room."

Mr. Jervis didn't mind at all—quite the contrary—and he said so. And neither did he mind carrying the dressing-case to the glass door; and when he got there he discovered that a blind had become disarranged and required a nail or two, which he hastened to fetch from his own apartment; and after this he found that he could be useful to Miss Perks in various small matters, which occupied so much time that both Mr. Jervis and Miss Perks were found to disregard the supper-bell of the "superior" domestics.

"It's much too warm for sitting," said Mr. Jervis, wiping his hot forehead.

"It is," responded the lady of the heart; "and what's more, it's a great deal too warm for all this moving and worrying. You see, Miss Clara is so thoughtful, she might just as well have told me this morning she wanted to change her room, and then I could have taken my time about it; but only after lunch she said, 'I made Aunt do the heavy part, and I've taken me till now to get everything to rights. But Miss Clara isn't like Miss Olive, she wouldn't put anybody about so inconvenient. Do you know, Mr. Jervis,' continued Miss Perks, lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper, 'I don't half like it. It doesn't seem to me right to use this room that they say has been kept just so for so many years. I don't believe it's lucky.'"

Mr. Jervis, feeling himself honored by a most unexpected amount of confidence on Miss Perks's part, and considerably elated thereat, gallantly replied that, for his part, he believed the change to be "pettickier luck." Proximity to Miss Clara necessarily implied proximity to Miss Perks, and Mr. Jervis was fully alive to his unexpected advantages. He waded bold upon the strength of them, and Miss Perks's arrangements being completed, he ventured to suggest a turn or two in the verandah.

Now be it understood that, although the preference of Mr. Jervis was a thing perfectly well known and recognized throughout the establishment, Miss Perks could never, up to this point, have been said to have given that functionary any encouragement; it suited her, for some reason or another, to ignore the butler's very evident devotion. The maids said she was "a deep one—the worst kind of flirt" that "she only held back to draw him on," etc. The men were mostly of opinion that "she didn't care a button for Jervis" he was "wasting his time," whilst Mr. Jervis felt himself held at a most perplexing and mortifying distance.

Under these circumstances, his proposition, simple enough at another time, was audaciously bold and hazardous. Miss Perks hesitated.

"It's uncommon hot," faltered the would-be suitor; "a walk 'll do you good, miss."

"Well," replied the lady at last, "I've no objection; and perhaps Mrs. Gaythorn would take a walk too."

Mr. Jervis looked crestfallen.

"Mrs. Gaythorn is afraid of the evening air," he suggested; "but we can ask her, if you like."

And so they did, but Mrs. Gaythorn declined to "spoil sport." Her sympathies were on Mr. Jervis's side.

Miss Perks was blessed with a considerable amount of good sense. She began to see that any further opposition would be ridiculous, and she accordingly yielded with as good a grace as she could, talking down whatever embarrass-

ment she may have felt, and effectually silencing the heated butler by her very unusual volubility. The night had settled down close and sultry; the footfalls of the pair sounded back from the hardened ground, dried up by a month of sunny drought. Miss Perks's rapid rate of talk hung upon the heavy air in her track. Grave Mrs. Gaythorn, winding up her watch for the night, glanced out of her open window, and nodded to herself with a certain knowledgeable satisfaction; whilst poor Mr. Jervis, his courage beaten down by the relentless pelt of monologue, was calculating in a hot middle of mind how little he was likely to gain by the move from which he had hoped so much. But all things come to an end in time, and Miss Perks's breath and ready wit suddenly failed her at one and the same moment. Mr. Jervis rallied his demoralized forces, and seized the occasion.

"Hem!—hem!" he coughed. "Have you any fancy for the public line, Miss Perks?"

Miss Perks had run completely down, like a Dutch clock, and she was at his mercy.

"Is, Mr. Jervis?" she giggled in a sort of sickly, helpless way, "what do you mean?"

This was exactly the question Mr. Jervis wanted to be asked, and he proceeded to answer it with considerable eagerness.

"Look here, Miss Perks: I've lived twenty years in good families, and I've saved a good bit of money—enough to set me up in a first-rate business. I'm turned of forty, Miss Perks, and I think it's about time I was my own master. Not but what Miss Armistead is the best of mistresses; but the time's sure to come when a man wants a home of his own, and a wife and family about him, and that time's come to me. Besides which, Miss Perks, I think you can't have helped seeing that—that I'm very fond of you, and if you'll only consent to have me, my heart and hand is yours, and I hope I shall make you always happy and comfortable."

Miss Perks had stopped short when he began, with a sort of desperate submission to circumstances to hear him out. She was standing near one of the posts of the verandah—a green painted pillar wreathed about with a rose-tree, the white flowers of which gleamed ghost-like through the dim twilight. It was a splendid offer for her—an offer which had been coveted by many an ambitious Abigail. There was an infection in Mr. Jervis's voice when he spoke of his "bit of money" which told of conscious dignity and a due sense of the value of his offer. Yet Miss Perks did not give it the instant appreciation it seemed to deserve. She trembled very much, so much that she was glad to lay her hand upon the post to steady herself. If it had been light enough, Mr. Jervis would have seen a quick flush of something like joy pass across her face when he spoke of his love; as it was, he noticed only a paleness which befitted the shadow of the moonless night. He went on, not exactly encouraged by her silence, but because, having once given himself an impetus, he could not stop—

"I know of a good snug business—a public-house where we might make a very handsome living, and be quite like gentry too. None of your low post-house work, but a thorough genteel country connection, with a little farm at the back—some forty acres or so—where Hubbard, that has it now, grows corn for all the horses that come to him, and makes butter enough to pay the rent of the house too. It's a pretty place too, with a wood in front, and nightingales, and chickens, and pigeons, and a porch covered with honeysuckle, and first-rate stables. I'm sure we could be as happy as the day's long."

"Don't, Mr. Jervis—pray don't say any more!" gasped Miss Perks at last.

And as she spoke, she crushed herself with unconscious energy against the pillar, and her restless, quivering fingers strewed a shower of white rose-leaves at her feet.

"Why—why not?" stammered the poor man, descending suddenly from his elevation. "If you're bespoken already, Miss Perks, you're only to say so. I don't want to stand in any one's way, and I don't want to take any man's leaving. Only, I must say, I don't feel as if I've been well treated, when we've been living together going on for two years, and my meaning has been pretty plain, that you shouldn't have let me know as much before." His wounded feeling had quickened into irritation, and in his irritation he was disposed to be unjust.

A great struggle was going on in Miss Perks's breast—an unaccountable struggle. For











## WIT AND HUMOR.

## Judicial Blunders.

The famous Lord Kenyon is pictured as an ignorant and absurd person, and these anecdotes are told of him:

One day he would silence an importunate editor or loquacious barrister by exclaiming, "But *modus in rebus*," or as the vernacular hath it, there must be an end of all things; on another day he would clothe his face with the wisest of his judicial aspects, and observe, "In advancing to a conclusion on this subject, I am resolved *stare supra antiqua iura*." When a glaring case of fraud was brought before his observation, he exclaimed, "The dishonesty is manifest; in the words of an old Latin sage, apparently '*Latet animum in lingua*,' to a deeply-edited grand jury he remarked in a tone of solemn pathos, "Having thus discharged your conscientious duties, gentlemen, you may retire to your homes in peace, with the delightful consciousness of having performed your duties well; and as you compose yourselves for nocturnal slumber, you may apply to yourselves the words of the heathen philosopher, '*Aut Cesar aut nullus*.'"

Without the assistance of Latin, some of his remarks uttered from the judgment seat were very provocative of laughter. "The allegation," he exclaimed indignantly during the examination of an unsatisfactory witness, "is as far from truth as old Booterium from the Northern Main—a line I have heard of met with God knows where."

On another occasion, when he reprimanded an attorney for causing a needless and vexatious delay in a cause, he observed in boldly metaphorical language, "This is the last hair in the tail of procrastination, and it must be plucked out," and he is reported to have lectured "twelve gentlemen in the box" thus: "If an individual can break down any of these safeguards which the Constitution has wisely and cautiously erected, by poisoning the minds of the jury at a time when they are called upon to decide, he will subvert the administration of justice in its most vital parts."

To several later judges, as well as to Kenyon, has been attributed the memorable judicial address to the dishonest butler who had been convicted of stealing large quantities of wine from his master's cellar. "Prisoner at the bar," the judge is reported to have said, "you stand convicted on the most conclusive evidence of a crime of inexpressible atrocity—a crime that defiles the sacred springs of domestic confidence, and is calculated to strike alarm into the breast of every Englishman who invests largely in the choicer vineyards of Southern Europe. Like the serpent of old you have stung the hand of your protector. Fortunately in having a generous employer, you might, without dishonesty, have continued to supply your wretched wife and children with the comforts of sufficient prosperity, and even with some of the luxuries of affluence; but dead to every claim of natural affection, and blind to your own real interest, you burst through all the restraints of religion and morality, and have for many years been feathering your nest with your master's bottles."

A fair match for these is the story of an Irish priest who rebuked his parishioner for drunkenness, and told him that "whenever he entered an alehouse to drink, his guardian angel stood weeping at the door." "And if he had sixpence he'd be in himself," was Pat's reply.

## Shooting Stars.

There was a man who, when the stars were complained below, used to rig up a telescope wherewith to study astronomy at a sixpence a squint.

One night as he was getting under way, I saw two Irish gentlemen taking observation of his movements. Both were policemen.

"Jemie," said one, "what in the world is you feller after with his machinery?"

"Whist, ye spalpeen," whispered the other, "and sure can't ye see that it's an air gun can't ye?"

"Hadn't ye better be gettin' out on the way thin?" inquired his friend.

"Shure and it's not us," was the answer, "didn't ye ever hear of shooting stars?"

By this time the telescope man had arranged his instrument and equaled through it at the stars. The policeman gazed up likewise in wonder. Just then, by an odd chance, a large meteor shot down the sky.

"Hedad, he hit it—he's fetched it down," cried both the laddies in one breath. "Shure and that's the greatest shootin' I ever saw in my life!" But a sense of duty prevailed, and one of them at once rudely accosted the man of science.

"Ye'd jist stop that now, misther, ev' ye please. The night is dark enough now, plint, and if ye go on shootin' stars at that rate, we'll not find our way about the strate, sure."

And the telescope man had to pack up and be off.

A RAW PICKER—"Mother," asked a tall gawker, "what did you and dad used to do when he came courtin' you?"

"Good with and want what put that into the boy's head? What do you mean, Jedsie?"

"Well, I went over to see Peggy Haskins other night, and she told me I didn't know how to court. I asked her to show me, and she said, 'As your marm?' What did you do, mother?"

"Lal sure! Why, Jed, we used to sit in the corner and eat roast turkey!"

"Good gracious! times aint they used to be, mother, eatin'—the only thing Peggy gin me was a raw pickle!"

A GOOD JOKE—A comical quarrel, says a Paris contemporary, took place the other day on a boulevard. A gentleman roughly accosted a workman, and accused him of swindling.

"You sold me," he said, "a pomade to make my hair grow; see, my head is as smooth as a piece of leather."

"Sir," answered the vendor of ointment, "you wrong me. There are lands where the best seed won't grow. It is not the fault of the seed, it is the soil."

The gentleman did not continue the discussion.



A MODEST BEGGAR.

Boy—"Please, parson, mother wants some soup."  
The Parson—"But I told your mother she must send something to put it in."  
Boy—"Oh, please, she's sent this pail for 'un, parson!"  
[Mother probably keeps a boarding-house.]

## The Spirit of a Man.

It seems that we've a woman or two in this city who is capable of handling the reins of government, as will be shown by what follows:

Our reporter was around hunting a house for a friend, and called to see a family who were preparing to vacate a cozy dwelling. As the door stood open, reporter walked in without knocking, and his eyes straightway lighted on the dame of the household, who was making frantic lunges with a broom stick at some object under the bed.

"Good morning, madam. Ah! you have a troublesome cat under the bed?"

"Troublesome cat?—no sir! It's that sneaking husband of mine, and I'll have him out, or break every bone in his body!"

"You will, eh?" said a faint voice under the bed. "Now, Bony, you may raze and pound, and pound and raze, but I'll be dogged if I'll come out from under this bed while I've got the spirit of a man about me!"—*Exchange.*

Old lady (to a hackman).—"But these hucks are dangerous. You never know who rides in them. We might get the small pox."

Cochey.—"You've no cause to be afraid of my coach, mum, for I've 'ad the wheels waxed, and it took beautiful."

## THEY SAY.

They say—Ah! well, suppose they do, but can they prove the story true? Suspicion may arise from naught; But malice, envy, want of thought; Why count yourself among the "they," Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say—But why the tale rehearse, And help to make the matter worse? No good can possibly accrue From telling what may be untrue; And is it not a nobler plan To speak of all the best you can?

They say—Well, if it should be so, Why need you tell the tale of woe? Will it the bitter wrong redress, Or make one pang of sorrow less? Will it the erring one restore, Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say—O pause, and look within, See how thy heart's inclined to sin; Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour Thou, too, should'st sink beneath its power. Play the trait, weep o'er their fall, But speak of good or not at all.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## SOMETHING OF THE SOUTH.

Within fifteen years from this New Year's day, 1867, every State south of the old obsolete dividing line, even those in which cotton reigned so long the dominant idea, will be in the market as sellers, in the field as producers, and in those ranks of articles as competing manufacturers—rivals, equals, peers, if you please, of any State or States east, north or west.

One of these days we shall have cotton down to the old ten cent line for best Mississippi and Louisiana staple. But it will be only after the States in which cotton has hitherto been made a specialty shall have put on wealth and independence by pursuing other lines of agriculture, and by home manufactures so cheapened and multiplied all kinds of agricultural implements, that they shall come within the reach of every planter and farmer, superseding manual labor and rendering it a pleasant possibility to plant, cultivate, harvest and prepare for market cotton at twenty per cent. less cost than was possible by the old system.

The southern people's secret, most direct and expeditious road to wealth and independence is in grain growing, stock raising, pork making, cheese dairying, and all kinds of manufacturing. The sooner a very great many people, both north and south, put behind them the mistaken notion that the States south will only produce cotton, tobacco, rice, tar and turpentine, sugar, alligators and swamp mow, the better it will be for the whole country, and the sooner the south will come up to the meridian of true independence.

South Carolina herself, traditionally all cotton, rice and palmetto, is capable of producing

pasturage for five million head of horned stock, and every year four times more as good wheat as was ever grown anywhere than her entire population could consume, living on wheaten bread exclusively. North Carolina can maintain twelve million sheep, and horses and horned stock in numbers equal to those of any other territory of equal area in the Union, besides producing all the grains, vegetables, and every variety of fruit, not strictly tropical, in as liberal yield, equal in quality, and requiring no greater cost of production than the general average elsewhere.

Maryland and Virginia are equally and both eminently adapted to grazing, dairying, horticulture and truck gardening. Georgia has an upland range of pasturage that utilized and stocked would supply the whole Atlantic States market with best beef and superb mutton, while her seaward slopes and low land fields devoted to the vine, fruits and corn, would rapidly change her civil and social status, making her an empire Eden.

Tennessee, energized as she ought to and will be ere long, besides producing wheat and corn equal in quality to any grown anywhere, and a yield per acre greater than that of any State north of her, can pasture four million sheep comfortably, and turn out more pork annually than any other State in the Union. Mississippi may be made into either a corn field from end to end and side to side, averaging per acre more corn than Ohio, Indiana or Illinois, or grazing being the preference, Texas or the Buenos Ayres pampas are no whit better adapted to the purpose.

But, from several interfering obstacles, will never become a popular or paying southern production, though there is a possibility of making some very good butter in the south. We have eaten butter made in midsummer on a Georgia plantation separated from Florida only by the width of the St. Mary's river, better butter than we can buy in any northern market; and often in the interior upland counties of North Carolina we have eaten and eaten butter made by North Carolina women from native North Carolina cows, in color, consistency and all correct requisites of good butter fully equal to the best sample the "Land of Gooshen" ever produced.

But while butter making will never become a popular branch of southern agricultural industry, cheese making may and will, just as inevitably as the south will rapidly become a great grazing and grain growing region. There is as much milk making material in southern as in northern or western pastures; a breed of cows equal to ordinary northern dairy stock will give as much milk per day anywhere in the south, the pasturage being equal to ours, as they do in New York, Pennsylvania or Ohio. The milk will be equally rich—why not? And as throughout a very large portion of the southern territory there need be but insignificant outlay for winter shelter and food, and as the dairy stock will have the advantage of pasturage the year round, of course the annual supply of milk will be greater per head than it is where five or six months of housing up and hay feeding are a necessity; so that southern cheese making once fairly inaugurated, the material of a quality equalling our best "dairy" can be made at a cost fully one third less than our northern cheese factories will be able to make it.

The true policy of all the States south lies in getting into the Union traces as fairly and fast as they can, and turning all their energy and enterprise to grain farming, grazing, wool growing, manufacturing, cheese making and getting rich.

## BROWNING STOCK.

Please don't misinterpret and put an "eastern" construction upon the phrase, making it to mean beating and thrashing dumb beasts about with a brush or great "gad." That is not it—nothing like it. What we mean by "browning" is feeding to, or affording animals an opportunity to feed themselves during the winter on the buds and tender twigs of all such trees as may be felled for fire wood, timber, or any other purpose. Horses, horned cattle and sheep are all fond of "browne," and will crop it greedily during the winter whenever an opportunity is afforded.

"Browne," besides being a wholesome, nourishing food, is at the same time of great value as an alternative, curing constipation and keeping the bowels open and active during the season of dry hay feeding. The buds of nearly all our forest trees, as the oak, hickory, maple, beech, bass and birch are highly nutritious, containing as they do the germs of flowers and fruit—the concentrated principles of meat and muscle-making material. We have often seen both horned cattle and sheep turn from the brightest

sweetest hay, and fall to quarrelling for their bites upon hemlock and juniper boughs, fresh cut and hung about the yard.

Once in the interior of the Empire State, midway of one of the most severe winters that history or tradition has any account of, feed for stock began to fail in all the region—not a hundred of hay, bushel of grain or bundle of straw could be purchased at any price. Frost and famine began to play all sorts of stock, and there was no remedy.

Our farmer step-father-in-law, with whom three of our juvenile winters were spent, was a well-to-do man, having a snug farm, four horses, a yoke of oxen, eight milk cows, about fifteen head of young stock and some forty sheep, with comfortable shelter for all. But about the end of January we began to get well down towards the bottom of the "hay," and the prospects were that before the first of April there would be more carcasses lying about the fields than the foxes could dispose of, and as many hides to hang up as we could find room for.

But one afternoon, before death began on our stock, two steers got adrift and wandered into the woods where we had been cutting firewood. Going to drive them home, we found them browsing away in the top of a great maple lately felled, cropping the twigs as if they were corn. The steers were left undisturbed, the discovery reported at headquarters, and within half an hour Uncle Ben and Boy Cosmo had every hoof and horn belonging to the place in the woods browsing out for themselves a famous supper. From that time forth every day we felled trees, and horses, horned cattle and sheep browsed through the winter, coming out when pasture came in capital condition, leaving us a ton or so of hay in the bottom of the bag.

## GATHERED GRAINS.

A good many millions of our fruit pests, millers, bugs and worms, mistaking our extended Indian summer for next spring, came out prematurely, and the sudden cold snap has fixed 'em, dead as nits. So, all other things being propitious, we may look for fruit next year less wormy than we have had it in a long time.

Now, notwithstanding the cranberry crop of 1866 runs above that of the previous year by at least a third, old prices are maintained and more. Sixteen, eighteen and twenty cents per quart are selling rates for "Jerseys" just now. More cranberry patches are needed.

A STRATA is going to exchange productions with us. Sends seed wheat, Ballast grass and a kangaroo, and gets Monitor and Mercer potatoes, Newtown pippins and two Chester pigs. It's in the Lake Superior copper region they have found a subterranean stream of sour water—makes capital pickles. So they say. Under vinegar probably. Look out next for a sugar mine.

The woodpecker family are all emigrating from Pennsylvania. Not a red head or "sap-sucker" once a month. Good for the "borers" and bad for the fruit trees this way.

Rabbits were never so thin in flesh at this season. Old gamsters say pursies expected the Indian summer to run on all winter, and took no pains to put on fat. Too late now.

## RECEIPTS.

SNOW CREAM.—Have a dish of new-fallen snow brought in, help each one to a saucer full, then pass round the table to be poured over the snow, a pitcher of the following preparation for ICE CREAM.—Two quarts of good rich milk;

four fresh eggs; three-quarters pound of white sugar; six teaspoons of Bermuda arrow root. Rub the arrow root smooth in a little cold milk; beat the eggs and sugar together; bring the milk to the boiling point; then stir in the arrow root; remove it from the fire, and immediately add the eggs and sugar, stirring briskly to keep the cream from cooking, then set aside to cool. If flavored with extracts let it be done just before putting it in the freezer. If the vanilla bean is used, it must be boiled in the milk.

PLUM PUDDING. (VERY GOOD).—Ingredients: One pound and a half of raisins, half a pound of currants, half a pound of mixed peel, three quarters of a pound of bread crumbs, three quarters of a pound of suet, eight eggs, one wineglassful of brandy. Mode: Stone and cut the raisins in halves, but do not chop them; wash, pick, and dry the currants, and mince the suet finely; cut the candied peel into thin slices, and grate down the bread into fine crumbs. When all these dry ingredients are prepared, mix them well together; then moisten the mixture with the eggs (which should be well beaten) and the brandy; stir well, that everything may be very thoroughly blended, and press the pudding into a buttered mold; tie it down tightly with a floured cloth, and boil for five or six hours. It may be boiled in a cloth without a mold, and will require the same time allowed for cooking. As these puddings are usually made a few days before they are required for table, when the pudding is taken out of the pot hang it up immediately, and put a plate or saucer underneath to catch the water that may drain from it. The day it is to be eaten, plunge it into boiling water, and keep it boiling for at least two hours.

NOTE.—Five or six of these puddings may be made at one time, as they will keep good for many weeks, and in cases where unexpected guests arrive will be found as acceptable, and as it only requires warming through, a quickly-prepared dish.

ALMOND PUDDING.—Take half a pound of bleached almonds, and pound them in a mortar until they are quite fine. Beat up eight eggs; mix a pound of sugar and three-quarters of a pound of butter to a cream; stir in the almonds, then the eggs, a little rose water, and a pint of cream. Bake it in a deep plate or pudding-dish, with a ring of puff paste. Bake it three-quarters of an hour.

COCONUT PUDDING.—Break the coconut and save the milk; peel off the brown skin, and grate the coconut very fine. Take the same weight of coconut, fine white sugar, and butter; rub the butter and sugar to a cream, and add five eggs well beaten, one cup of cream, the milk of the coconut, and a little grated lemon. Line a dish with a rich paste; put in the pudding, and bake it one hour. Cover the rim with paper, if necessary.

OSTERS A LA POULETTE.—One pint of oysters, and juice, on the fire, in a saucepan. Skim as the steam rises.

Take another pan. Mix a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, on the fire; when melted, stir in half a pint of milk.

When the oysters boil up, put in the milk, and salt to taste, and serve.

Clean some large oyster shells, and serve the poulette in them; when so served it is called huitres en coquilles.

## THE RIBBLER.

## Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.  
My 2, 14, 8, 12, is a place of public sale.  
My 7, 1, 9, 3, 11, 15, is to embrace.  
My 12, 10, 4, 3, is to weary.  
My 13, 1, 9, 5, 6, is to join in wedlock.  
My 8, 14, 11, 12, 5, is to hurry.  
My whole is what we all I hope have paid.  
IDA E. P.

## Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a kitchen utensil.  
My second is a letter.  
My third is part of the foot.  
My whole is a root.  
W. H. M.

## Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My lot is in dog, but not in cat,  
My 2nd is in mouse, but not in rat.  
My 3rd is in pear, but not in peach,  
My 4th is in scream, but not in scorch.  
My 5th is in piano, but not in flute,  
My 6th is in plant, but not in root.  
My 7th is in study, but not in play,  
My 8th is in road, but not in way.  
My 9th is in wagon, but not in horse,  
My 10th is in fine, but not in coarse.  
My whole is a town in Pennsylvania.  
ALEXIA.

## Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The diagonal from the south-eastern lower corner of a saloon (that is where two of the sides and the floor meet in the corner) to the north-western upper corner thereof, (where the other two sides and the ceiling of said saloon do meet the opposite corner,) is found to be 87 feet.—Now, providing the length of said saloon is to the breadth thereof as 5 is to 3, and the breadth thereof is to the height of the same as 8 is to 3, will some able mathematician find the length, breadth, and height of the above described saloon, and return me his answers there-to in the "Post?"

DANIEL DIFENBACH.

Kentville, Snyder Co., Pa.

## Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I sold an ox for 56 dollars, and gained as much per cent as the ox cost. What did I pay for him?  
WM. H. MORROW.

An answer is requested.

## Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If we admit the distance from the centre of the earth to the centre of the moon, to be 240,000 miles, and the diameter of the earth to be 8,000 miles, and that of the moon 2,112 miles, at what point between them would the greatest amount of surface be visible—granting that the point is accessible?

J. M. GREENWOOD.

Panville, Adair Co., Mo.

An answer is requested.

## Conundrum.

What sort of a throat is the best for a singer to reach the high notes with? Ans.—A soar throat.

When are soldiers like babies? Ans.—When they are "in arms."

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Ans.—Because, though he is the first in pity, he is the last in help.

When has a lady more water in her system than when she has a cataract in her eyes, a creek in her back, a waterfall on her poll, and her shoes high-tied? Ans.—When she has a notion (an ocean) in her head.

## Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Abednego. CHARADE—Harebell—(bare-bell). RIDDLE—Cosmo. RIDDLE—Truth—(Rut)—rut—but.)

## A Magic Trick.

At a celebrated Parisian restaurant, in 1861, an extemporé bet was decided, interesting in its way. A Mississippi gentleman won a big pile. He bet that he would bring five hundred drops out of an empty bottle from which the last supernatant had been drained.

It was done in the fairest way, without any dodge, upon the purest, natural philosophical principles. The secret is this:

There is a great deal of moisture still remaining in the bottle, only it is dispersed all over the inside in homoeopathic particles, too minute to be poured out in any way. You take the bottle, hold it nearly horizontally, shake it up well, and strike the lower part of the neck repeatedly on your hand. After you have manipulated it in this way for a minute or two, (the length of time depends upon the performer's skill,) the moisture becomes collected and condensed in the neck, and then you can jerk out upon a plate or a sheet of white paper, more drops in a quarter of a minute than you can count in a quarter of an hour. It made quite a sensation at the time, but soon spread about. A Frenchman who was present exhibited the trick the next night at the Maison d'Or.

Keep your boy a boy whilst he is a boy; a well-behaved, polite boy; a manly boy; a courageous self-reliant boy; no milk-sop boy tied to his mother's skirts, but still a boy; not a wrangling fool, a precocious snob, a conceited monkey, spinning the air and acquiring the habits of grown-up dandies and fast characters. Don't make a self-indulgent small gentleman of him. Teach him to wait upon and take care of himself, and to respect his inferiors and treat them courteously and kindly. Pray save him from the absurdity of a cane and kid gloves, and garments that are not suitable for downright, hearty play. It may be pretty and aristocratic and a sign of your opulence to dress him up in the height of fashion; but in so doing you run the risk of spoiling him for any robust and useful living.